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THE LANGUAGE READER'S

FOURTH
READER

WADE
AND
SYLVESTER

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THE BOY AND THE LION (page 16)

THE LANGUAGE READERS

FOURTH READER

BY

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GINN & COMPANY

BOSTON · NEW YORK · CHICAGO · LONDON

7-4-11 T 7:07-910



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77.6

The Athenæum Press
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PREFACE

The lessons in this fifth book of the Language Readers have been written or selected to meet the requirements of fourth-year pupils. At this period of school life it is possible to lay the foundations of a literary sense if the reading lessons exhibit interesting diversity of content, and the language is adapted to the understanding of the child.

In this reader frequent use has been made of the legends and folk stories of different nations, because the human interest in such stories appeals strongly to the child's mind. Fairy stories from Hans Christian Andersen and other sources have also been included, for this is the age when the child's enjoyment of the fairy tale has reached its zenith.

Much has been accomplished in the education of the young when a desire to read has been aroused. But the reading must be select in content as well as literary in form; hence stories of patriotism and lessons with a direct ethical purpose have been included in this book. Such reading tends directly to the development of character, and the ethical purpose in the lesson is best taught through the interest in the story.

The value of the earliest work in literature is measured by the interest aroused and the profit the child obtains from his reading. This marks the beginning of a literary taste. Its development is a matter of slow growth. It cannot be forced. It must follow the same general principle — from the simple to the more difficult — that underlies the teaching of other subjects.

Literature at this age must appeal strongly to the imagination and emotion of the child. Hence the reading lessons of this grade must be such as were born in the emotion and fancy of the writer. None other will awaken that emotional response from the pupils which is necessary for a just appreciation of the selection.

Several nature-study lessons have been included. The information has been presented in interesting narrative form and with the least possible scientific terminology.

The selections from classic authors have been chosen with the hope that the interest awakened may lead the pupils to read in their entirety the works represented. This leads to one of the most important duties of a teacher who appreciates the world of literature that is opening to the child. Systematic use should be made of the biographical sketches and synopses of stories which will be found in the Appendix.

If this element of the work in reading is properly presented by the teacher, the pupils will begin their training in the selection of what is good in literature. They will learn something of the reading which is not beyond the appreciation of a child in the fourth year of school life, and they will acquire at the same time the necessary formal training in language along lines of greatest interest. Pupils wish to get at once to the story in the lesson, but the teacher does not cover the whole ground if she neglects the opportunity to refer to the life story of the writer and to some of his or her best-known works.

Pupils should be taught to use the defining vocabulary included in the Appendix. It will lead to the better understanding of the lessons, and it will serve as excellent preparation for the use of the dictionary in the higher grades.

As the phonic element in reading has been emphasized in the earlier books of the series by phonic drills, we have continued the

work here through the phonic chart, which teachers can use in their drills for enunciation, pronunciation, and articulation.

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CONTENTS

	PAGE
THE STORY OF A GREAT SONG	11
AMERICA <i>Samuel Francis Smith</i>	14
THE BOY AND THE LION <i>Johann Wolfgang von Goethe</i>	16
ALICE AND HER KITTENS <i>Lewis Carroll</i>	23
THE WEE MAN <i>Thomas Hood</i>	27
LIFE IN THE BROOK <i>Ida Nulle</i>	30
THE BROOK <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	34
THE ARROW AND THE SONG <i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i>	37
THE WITHERED FLOWER <i>Hans Christian Andersen</i>	38
A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD <i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i>	42
LOUISA M. ALCOTT	43
WHAT FANNY HEARD <i>Louisa M. Alcott</i>	47
LITTLE AND GREAT <i>Charles Mackay</i>	54
GRANDPA'S STORY — I	57
GRANDPA'S STORY — II	60
CONCORD HYMN <i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i>	63
THEODOSIUS, THE EMPEROR <i>Gesta Romanorum</i>	64
COURTESY REWARDED <i>Matteo Bandello</i>	67
HALF CHICK <i>Spanish Tradition</i>	71
TRAVEL <i>Robert Louis Stevenson</i>	77
THE PEASANT AND THE ROBBERS <i>From the Italian</i>	79
A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR — I <i>Charles Dickens</i>	83
A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR — II <i>Charles Dickens</i>	86
HALF-A-DOZEN FABLES	89
SCHOOL DAYS IN ANCIENT ROME	93
IN SCHOOL DAYS <i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i>	95
FAIRY DAYS <i>William Makepeace Thackeray</i>	98
A VACATION IN ALASKA — I	100
A VACATION IN ALASKA — II	102

	PAGE
A BOY'S SONG	<i>James Hogg</i> 107
THE DAISY	<i>Hans Christian Andersen</i> 109
DRIVING HOME THE COWS	<i>Kate P. Osgood</i> 114
A GIRL'S DESCRIPTION OF WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK CITY	117
A BLADE OF GRASS	<i>John Ruskin</i> 121
THE VIOLET	<i>Letitia E. Landon</i> 122
HIAWATHA'S SAILING	<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> 125
THE SHEPHERD GIRL OF NANTERRE	<i>Charlotte M. Yonge</i> 130
A MAPLE-SUGAR CAMP	<i>Ruth Russ</i> 134
ONE, TWO, THREE	<i>Henry C. Bunner</i> 138
THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT PAINTER — BENJAMIN WEST — I	
	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 140
THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT PAINTER — BENJAMIN WEST — II	
	<i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i> 144
A MOTHER'S LETTER	149
THE BLUE AND THE GRAY	<i>Francis Miles Finch</i> 152
EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES	155
THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO — I	160
THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO — II	166
LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT	<i>John Henry Newman</i> 170
THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY	<i>Gustave Straubenmüller</i> 171
I'D BE A BUTTERFLY	<i>Thomas Haynes Bayly</i> 175
THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF PAUL JONES — I	177
THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF PAUL JONES — II	180
OLD IRONSIDES	<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> 183
THE VENETIAN GONDOLA	<i>Henry Bacon</i> 185
NIAGARA FALLS	<i>Anthony Trollope</i> 190
THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS	<i>Felicia D. Hemans</i> 196
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — I	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 198
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — II	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 201
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — III	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 205
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — IV	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 209
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — V	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 212
THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — VI	<i>Wilhelm Hauff</i> 214
THE OWL CRITIC	<i>James T. Fields</i> 217

	PAGE
JOHN RIDD'S EXPERIENCE — I. JOHN RIDD. <i>Richard D. Blackmore</i>	221
JOHN RIDD'S EXPERIENCE — II. LORNA DOONE	
<i>Richard D. Blackmore</i>	227
THE BUGLE SONG <i>Alfred Tennyson</i>	237
FLOWERLESS PLANTS — I	238
FLOWERLESS PLANTS — II	239
FLOWERLESS PLANTS — III	241
DAFFODILS <i>William Wordsworth</i>	243
AN ADVENTURE ON THE ICE <i>Charles Dickens</i>	245
A GOLDEN DEED. <i>From the Chronicle of the Cid</i>	251
ABOU BEN ADHEM <i>Leigh Hunt</i>	254
THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION. <i>George Lippard</i>	255
INDEPENDENCE BELL <i>Anonymous</i>	258
THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS — I <i>Plutarch</i>	262
THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS — II. <i>Plutarch</i>	264
THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS — III <i>Plutarch</i>	267
LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY <i>Nathaniel Hawthorne</i>	271
THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT <i>Adelaide Anne Procter</i>	283
PSALM CXXI <i>Bible</i>	284

APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AUTHORS	285
PHONIC CHART OR KEY TO PRONUNCIATION	296
DEFINING VOCABULARY	297

FOURTH READER

THE STORY OF A GREAT SONG

On the evening of July 4, 1901, a great ocean liner was entering New York bay. The decks were crowded with passengers, many of whom were foreigners enjoying for the first time a view of one of the most beautiful harbors in the world.

Several Americans were engaged in pointing out familiar landmarks along the coast. Suddenly the band struck up "America." As the first strains of this famous hymn were heard the Americans bared their heads and, with one accord, joined in the words,—

My country! 't is of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.

At the close of the song some one called out, "Three cheers for America," and they were given with a will.

A group of English passengers had listened with pleasure and interest to the singing. When the music ceased one of them stepped up to the band-master and

asked him to repeat the air. This time the English sang "God Save the King."

After the singing the passengers joined in little groups for a farewell chat. In one of these groups were a well-known New York physician and his son, a boy of about twelve years.

The lad seemed to be thinking deeply. Suddenly he turned to his father and said, "How is it, father, that the English national song is sung to the same air as 'America'? Did we take the air from the English, or did they take it from us?"

"No, Edward; both the English and the Americans obtained the air from the same source. The story is an interesting one. Would you like to hear it?"

"Yes, father, I *would* like to hear it," said Edward.

A number of passengers gathered about the doctor as he told the story.

"The author of the words of 'America' was Samuel F. Smith. Dr. Smith was born in Boston about one hundred years ago. He was graduated from Harvard with that famous class of 1829, which contained, among other well-known men, Oliver Wendell Holmes.

"Dr. Smith was very much interested in music. In 1832 a friend, who had been traveling in Germany, returned, and presented to him a collection of German

music books. This friend asked the doctor to translate some of the songs into English.

“One gloomy day in February, while turning over some of this music, Dr. Smith came upon the air since famous as ‘America.’ He liked the music at once. There was something noble about it. He read the German words that accompanied it, and then, inspired by the music, he began to write the words of ‘America’ on a scrap of paper picked up from the table.

“The air is a very old one. It may have been used in Germany hundreds of years ago. The English adopted it as the music of their national hymn. It is heard in every clime where English or Americans are gathered together, and its singing awakens loving memories of the motherland. So you see it always sounds inspiring to both English and Americans. It is an air that has lived for many, many years, and, with the beautiful words of ‘America,’ we hope that it will live forever.”

foreigners
obtained

familiar
author

physician
graduated



AMERICA



My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!

My native country, thee,
 Land of the noble free,
 Thy name I love;
 I love thy rocks and rills,
 Thy woods and templed hills;
 My heart with rapture thrills
 Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
 And ring from all the trees,
 Sweet freedom's song;
 Let mortal tongues awake,
 Let all that breathe partake,
 Let rocks their silence break,—
 The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to Thee,
 Author of liberty,
 To Thee we sing;
 Long may our land be bright
 With freedom's holy light;
 Protect us by Thy might,
 Great God, our King.

SAMUEL FRANCIS SMITH

templed

rapture

silence

THE BOY AND THE LION

In the heart of Germany many years ago there lived a young prince who was beloved by all his subjects. He was a just and a kind ruler, and whenever he went among his people he was received with joy. His wife, the young princess, shared in this love, for she also had a kind word and a smile for rich and poor alike.

One autumn morning the prince and his men started out for a long ride through the hills about the castle, leaving the princess at home with her uncle. As the sun was shining brightly over hill and valley, the uncle asked the princess if she would not like to ride to the neighboring town. The princess gladly assented, and in a short time they were riding with their grooms through the main street of the town. As the party rode by, the smiling faces of the people showed how happy they felt in having the fairest and kindest woman in the land as their princess.

On the outskirts of the market place the riders came upon a family that had won a name as tamers of wild animals. The family consisted of father, mother, and one child, — a beautiful boy. On that morning the tamers had in their booths a tiger and a large mountain lion. The roaring of the latter so frightened the horses of the

riders that the party did not stop, but continued their ride beyond the town. At last they came to a road which led up the side of the mountain.

When they had reached a considerable height they stopped to enjoy the fine view of the peaceful scene below. Suddenly they saw a great smoke rising from the market place. The uncle cried, "The market is afire." At once the riders thought of the wild beasts, and the peril to all if the animals were freed. The uncle spoke to the princess of his fears, and as the fire spread, he said, "Ride fast with your groom to the castle; we will follow."

As the party came down the mountain side they heard in the distance the roars of the lion.

"Fly, your Grace, fly," cried the groom to the princess; "the animals are free."

They had not ridden far when they came upon the body of the tiger. He had been slain by some one in his wild flight up the mountain road. As the party stopped by the body of the animal they saw the wife of the tamer running towards them. By her side was the beautiful boy carrying a flute in his hand. When the woman saw the dead tiger she threw herself down by the body and cried out: "Oh, why was he slain? He would have harmed no one. He was tame, and we would have found him and brought him back."

The princess tried to console the woman, but she would not be consoled, and while they were talking the prince and his men rode up. They, too, had seen the fire from afar, and had returned in haste. As the group gathered about the sad scene the animal tamer himself appeared. He was deeply grieved at the death of his tiger, but with a brave voice he said: "It is not now the time for idle sorrow. Alas, my lord, the lion, too, is loose. Hither towards the mountain has he come. But spare him, have mercy, that he perish not like this good beast."

"The lion," said the prince, "hast thou trace of him?"

"Yes, my lord; a peasant down the road, who had taken shelter in a tree, directed me here."

At this the prince turned to his men and ordered them to prepare to meet the lion. "For I fear, my good man," said he to the tamer, "I shall be forced to slay your lion for our safety. Why did you let him loose?"

"When the fire broke out," replied the man, "we saw our booths would be destroyed, and in order to save the beasts we set them free."

At this moment one of the prince's men rode up with the news that the lion had escaped into the courtyard of the castle. He had thrown himself down by the castle wall in the sunshine, at the foot of a large beech tree, and was behaving quietly.

At this the prince turned to the tamer and said, "If we spare your lion, what surety can you give that he will do no harm to my people?"

"This woman and this child," answered the man, "will keep him in peace until I prepare his booth, and then we will lead him back without harm to any one."

When the boy heard his father's words he put his flute to his lips and began to play an air, soft and sweet. The father left the group and hastened towards the town. Then the prince directed some of his men to guard the paths that led to the castle. At the same time he ordered all to avoid harming the animal unless they were attacked.

Having completed these preparations, the prince turned towards the woman, and said, "You are confident that when we reach the castle this child with his music will so calm the lion that he can be led to the market place, without harm to any of my people?"

"Yes," answered the woman, "I am sure of it."

The prince, having directed one of his men to guide mother and son towards the castle, started off in advance with a small party of his train. The princess and her attendants followed slowly after mother and child.

The boy, still playing sweetly on his flute, led the party down the road to the castle. Having arrived at the beginning of a steep path that led to the great entrance

of the courtyard, the party stopped. Here they found a number of the prince's men busily heaping up dry brushwood in readiness to start a fire, should the lion dash towards them in attack.

When the woman saw this, she exclaimed, "There is no cause for fear. All will go well as I have promised."

Then the prince, turning to the boy, said, "Now, child, you may go down to the court and lead away the animal, if it will follow you."

The child descended the steep path, reached the entrance, and disappeared behind the castle wall. In a few minutes the sweet tones of the flute were heard again. Then out from the courtyard came the boy, playing his flute, and behind him, limping slowly, followed the lion.

When the pair had reached an open spot beyond the wall the boy stopped playing the flute and began to sing. Then he seated himself in the shade of the trees, and the lion, lying down beside him, lifted its heavy forepaw to the boy's bosom. The child softly stroked the paw, and, still sweetly singing, examined it. At last the song ceased and the boy smiled. He had found the cause of the lion's limping, a sharp thorn that had run into the paw.

The boy carefully drew this out, and taking a colored handkerchief from about his neck, he bound up the wound. At this the mother stretched out her arms

towards her child. She would have shouted with joy, if those about her had not quieted her, for to them the danger seemed not yet past.

The boy began to sing again with his sweet flute-like voice, while the lion rested in peace by his side. After a time the father returned to lead the lion back to his booth, for the fire in the market place had been put out by the people of the town. As the prince and princess and their people moved nearer to the boy they could hear the words that he sang to the lion by his side, —

Angel-host around doth hover,
Us in heavenly tones to cheer;
In the dens our head doth cover, —
Needs the poor child there to fear?

For that humble, holy praising
Will permit no evil nigh:
Angels hover, keeping, gazing;
Who so safe as I?

For th' Eternal rules above us,
Lands and oceans rules His will;
Lions, even as lambs, shall love us;
And the proudest waves be still.

Adapted from CARLYLE's translation of Goethe

assented	subjects	handkerchief
examined	descended	Eternal



ALICE AND HER KITTENS

One thing was certain, that the *white* kitten had had nothing to do with it, — it was the black kitten's fault entirely.

The white kitten had been having its face washed by the old cat for the last quarter of an hour (and bearing it pretty well, considering); so you see that it *could n't* have had any hand in the mischief.

The way Dinah washed her children's faces was this: first she held the poor thing down by its ear with one paw, and then with the other paw she rubbed its face all over, the wrong way, beginning at the nose; and just now, as I have said, she was hard at work on the white kitten, which was lying quite still and trying to purr — no doubt feeling that it was all meant for its good.

But the black kitten had been finished with earlier in the afternoon, and so, while Alice was sitting curled up in a corner of the great armchair, half talking to herself and half asleep, the kitten had been having a grand game of romps with the ball of worsted Alice had been trying to wind up, and had been rolling it up and down until it had all come undone again; and there it was, spread over the hearth rug, all knots and tangles, with the kitten running after its own tail in the middle.

"Oh, you wicked, wicked little thing!" cried Alice, catching up the kitten and giving it a little kiss to make it understand that it was in disgrace.

"Really, Dinah ought to have taught you better manners! You *ought*, Dinah, you know you ought!" she added, looking reproachfully at the old cat, and speaking in as cross a voice as she could manage. And then she scrambled back into the armchair, taking the kitten and the worsted with her, and began winding up the ball again.

But she did n't get on very fast, as she was talking all the time, sometimes to the kitten and sometimes to herself. Kitty sat very demurely on her knee, pretending to watch the progress of the winding, and now and then putting out one paw and gently touching the ball, as if it would be glad to help if it might.

"Do you know what to-morrow is, Kitty?" Alice began. "You'd have guessed if you'd been up in the window with me — only Dinah was making you tidy, so you could n't. I was watching the boys getting in sticks for the bonfire — and it wants plenty of sticks, Kitty — only it got so cold and it snowed so, they had to leave off. Never mind, Kitty, we'll go and see the bonfire to-morrow."

Here Alice wound two or three turns of the worsted round the kitten's neck just to see how it would look ;

this led to a scramble, in which the ball rolled down upon the floor, and yards and yards of it got unwound again.

"Do you know, I was so angry, Kitty," Alice went on, as soon as they were comfortably settled again, "when I saw all the mischief you had been doing I was very nearly opening the window and putting you out into the snow! And you'd have deserved it, you little mischievous darling! What have you got to say for yourself?"

"Now don't interrupt me," she went on, holding up one finger; "I'm going to tell you all your faults.

"Number one: you squeaked twice while Dinah was washing your face this morning.

"What's that you say (pretending that the kitten was speaking)—her paw went into your eye? Well, that's *your* fault, for keeping your eyes open. Now don't make any more excuses, but listen!

"Number two: you pulled Snowdrop away by the tail just as I had put down the saucer of milk before her! What, you were thirsty, were you? How do you know she was n't thirsty too?"

"Now for number three: you unwound every bit of the worsted while I was n't looking!

"That's three faults, Kitty, and you've not been punished for any of them yet. You know I'm saving up all your punishments for Wednesday week.

"Suppose they had saved up all *my* punishments," she went on, talking more to herself than to the kitten. "What *would* they do at the end of a year? I should be sent to prison, I suppose, when the day came.

"Or—let me see—suppose each punishment was to be going without a dinner; then when the miserable day came I should have to go without fifty dinners at once! Well, I should n't mind *that* much! I'd far rather go without them than eat them!

"Do you hear the snow against the window-panes, Kitty? How nice and soft it sounds! Just as if some one was kissing the window all over outside. I wonder if the snow *loves* the trees and fields, that it kisses them so gently? And then it covers them up snug, you know, with a white quilt; and perhaps it says, 'Go to sleep, darlings, till the summer comes again.' And when they wake up in summer, Kitty, they dress themselves all in green, and dance about—whenever the wind blows—oh! that's very pretty!" cried Alice, dropping the ball of worsted to clap her hands. "And I do so *wish* it was true! I'm sure the woods look sleepy in the autumn, when the leaves are getting brown."

LEWIS CARROLL

worsted
disgrace

reproachfully
demurely

mischievous
miserable

THE WEE MAN

It was a merry company,
And they were just afloat,
When lo! a man of dwarfish span
Came up and hail'd the boat.

“Good morrow to ye, gentle folks,
And will you let me in?
A slender space will serve my case,
For I am small and thin.”

They saw he was a dwarfish man
And very small and thin;
Not seven such would matter much,
And so they let him in.

They laugh'd to see his little hat
With such a narrow brim;
They laugh'd to note his dapper coat,
With skirts so scant and trim.

But barely had they gone a mile,
When, gravely, one and all
At once began to think the man
Was not so very small:

His coat had got a broader skirt,
His hat a broader brim,
His leg grew stout, and soon plump'd out,
A very proper limb.

Still on they went, and as they went,
More rough the billows grew,
And rose and fell, a greater swell —
And he was swelling too!

And lo! where room had been for seven,
For six there scarce was space!
For five! — for four! — for three! — not more
Than two could find a place.

There was not even room for one!
They crowded by degrees —
Ay, closer yet, till elbows met,
And knees were jogging knees.

“Good sir, you must not sit astern,
The wave will else come in!”
Without a word he gravely stirr'd
Another seat to win.

“Good sir, the boat has lost her trim,
You must not sit allee!”
With smiling face, and courteous grace,
The middle seat took he.

But still by constant, quiet growth,
His back became so wide,
Each neighbor wight, to left and right,
Was thrust against the side.

My! how they chided with themselves,
That they had let him in;
To see him grow so monstrous now,
That came so small and thin.

On every brow a dewdrop stood,
They grew so scared and hot,—
“I’ the name of all that’s great and tall,
Who are ye, sir, and what?”

Loud laughed the Gogmagog a laugh,
As loud as a giant's roar —
“When first I came, my proper name
Was Little — now I'm *Moore!*”

THOMAS HOOD

dwarfish degrees courteous

LIFE IN THE BROOK



When Tom and I were boys one of our favorite excursions was to the brook. This little stream had its swift currents and waterfalls, but it crept over the fields and marshes.

In winter the frozen surface made a safe skating pond, for the water was shallow. As the ice began to thaw, it was great fun to walk on its crackling surface.

In spring the brook was full to the brim. It was bordered by shrubs and thickets of willow and red swamp maple, and moss and fern were sheltered in its nooks.

Here the first butterflies were to be seen, blackish brown with yellow borders to their wings. When the willow branches had taken on a deeper yellow and the piping of the tree toads was heard, we would wander along the brookside in search of insect life.

Floating in the water of the stream were queer little bundles of grass or weed stems, with now and then a tiny pebble clinging to them. These were the floating dwellings of one of our insect neighbors, the caddice worm. Their cases, like tiny houses, protected the soft-bodied creatures which lived inside.

Uprturned stones brought to view other strangers lying close to the wet surfaces.

Occasionally we came upon a muskrat, which dived beneath the water when disturbed or alarmed.

Where the brook trailed over the marshes we found many green particles which resembled scum. These were the small plants of duckweed, which during the winter had afforded food to various waterfowl. Bobbing up and

down, and partly covered by this duckweed, we found round balls of a white jelly-like substance. In the center of each ball was a dark spot. These masses we collected and placed in jars of water. They looked like big frogs' eggs, but were the jelly-wrapped seeds of the arum, which presently rooted and developed leaves.

Often we saw long, slender hairworms in the water. The boys used to say these were horsehairs that had lain in the water until they had acquired life and motion.

The common pond snail with its spiral shell was often found clinging to the stems of water cress. The snails were picked off carefully and taken home. They made most useful and interesting inhabitants for our aquarium. The cress was a spring relish which we enjoyed hugely.

Frog spawn was found clinging to plants or rubbish. The masses varied in size from a cluster of two or three eggs to great lumps as large as two fists. The spawn was a transparent jelly in which the eggs were imbedded. Each egg was round, dark-colored, and about as large as a pea. We would secure a small quantity of this jelly-like mass by means of a net, or by wading in. It was kept in a dish of clean, cool water until the tadpoles, or polliwogs, were hatched.

Wandering along the brookside we found many insect visitors darting about in the air. The dragon flies seemed

intent on coming as near to the water as possible, without wetting their transparent wings. The color of their bodies changed from blue to green, like a peacock's breast. Darning needles we used to call them as we watched them darting about, and none but the bravest dared venture near for fear of being sewed. But these beautiful insects, instead of being harmful, are really beneficial. If children only knew how many mosquitoes the darning needle eats in a day, they would welcome the gay creature instead of fearing him.

When the marshes were gay with the pink mallow we found the blue forget-me-nots growing along the banks. An old tree trunk, with its crooked roots caught fast on the bottom of the stream, afforded us a resting place. Here we watched the minnows playing in the pools until some shouting boy waded into the brook and frightened them away.

When the drought of summer began, the diminished stream would be hidden by the waving grass and the trees. Then the fields and woods about us became the books from which we drew an endless entertainment.

IDA NULLE

excursions

caddice

creatures

aquarium

developed

acquired

THE BROOK



I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret,
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel;

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;

I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow,
To join the brimming river,
For men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

ALFRED TENNYSON

haunts	foamy	brimming
eddy	gravel	babble

The birds are silent, and so is the bee;
The sun is creeping up steeple and tree;
The doves have flown to the sheltering eaves,
And the nests are dark with the drooping leaves;
Twilight gathers, and day is done —
How hast thou spent it, restless one?

NATHANIEL PARKER WILLIS

THE ARROW AND THE SONG

I shot an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW



THE WITHERED FLOWER

“Whenever a good child dies an angel comes down from Heaven, takes the dead child in its arms, and, spreading out its large white wings, visits the place that has been particularly dear to the child. Here it gathers a handful of flowers, which it carries to Heaven, where they bloom more beautifully than on earth. But that flower which the child loved most receives a voice, so that it can join in the universal chorus of thanksgiving and praise.”

Thus spoke an Angel who was carrying a dead child up to Heaven. The child listened as in a dream. They visited the places that had been most dear to the child while he lived, and where he had played, passing, on the way, through gardens full of the most beautiful flowers.

“Which flower shall we take with us to plant in Heaven?” the Angel said.

Near by grew a rose tree that once had great beauty, but some one had cruelly broken the stem, so that all the branches drooped sadly, and the leaves and flowers looked withered and dry.

“Oh, that dear little rose tree!” said the child. “Pray take that with you, so that in Heaven it may come to life again.”

The Angel took it up, kissing the child at the same time. They gathered other beautiful plants from the garden, and also several of the wild flowers which grew near by.

“Now we have flowers,” the child said, and the Angel nodded. Still they did not fly up to Heaven as the child expected.

It was night, and all was still. They remained near a large town, hovering over some of the narrowest streets, where there were great heaps of straw, ashes, and other rubbish. There were broken plates and cups, old hats and rags, and many other things in no way pleasing to the eye.

The Angel pointed to some pieces of a broken flowerpot and the earth which had fallen out of it. The earth contained the dried-up roots of a wild flower which had been cast aside as worthless.

“We shall take this with us,” said the Angel. “I will tell you why as we fly on.”

And the Angel spoke thus :

“There below, in a dark cellar of that narrow street, lived a poor boy who had been sick all his life long. He was so lame that he could scarcely walk even with the help of his crutches.

“On summer days the sun would shine into the cellar for a little while.

"Then the boy was very happy. He would sit in the sun and think about the lovely green forest of which a neighbor's boy had told him.

"One day this boy brought him some wild flowers; among these was one tiny plant with its delicate roots. This was carefully planted in an old flowerpot and placed near the sick child's bed.

"The plant flourished and brightened the little boy's life. It was his greatest comfort, his only treasure. He watered it daily, and watched it carefully. He placed it where it had the sun as long as it shone into his cellar home.

"The boy dreamed of his flower constantly, and he turned to see it just before he died. It is now a year since he died, and for a year the flower stood forgotten and dried-up in the window, until, during moving time, it was thrown out into the street. And that is the flower, the poor, withered flower which we are taking with us, for it has given more pleasure than the loveliest flower in the queen's garden."

"How do you know all this?" asked the child.

"Because I, myself, was that poor sick boy who lived in the cellar. I know my flower well."

The child opened his eyes and looked up at the Angel's beautiful face, which beamed with joy and happiness. The next moment they were in Heaven.

The dead child received wings like the other angels, with whom he flew about, hand in hand.

The flowers received renewed life; but the poor, withered flower received a voice and sang with the angels.

All sang praises and thanksgiving, — the angels, and the child just received into Heaven, and the poor, withered wild flower which had once been thrown out into the rubbish heap in the dark, narrow street.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

universal

crutches

flourished



A CHILD'S THOUGHT OF GOD

They say that God lives very high !

But if you look above the pines,
You cannot see our God. And why ?

And if you dig down in the mines,
You never see Him in the gold,
Though from Him all that's glory shines.

God is so good, He wears a fold
Of heaven and earth across His face —
Like secrets kept for love untold.

But still I feel that His embrace
Slides down by thrills, through all things made,
Through sight and sound of every place :

As if my tender mother laid
On my shut lids her kisses' pressure,
Half waking me at night ; and said,
“ Who kissed you through the dark,
dear guesser ? ”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

"I hate affected, niminy-piminy chits! I'm not a young lady; and if turning up my hair makes me one, I'll wear it in two little tails till I'm twenty. I hate to think I've got to grow up, and be Miss March, and wear long gowns, and look as prim as a china-aster! It's bad enough to be a girl any-



way, when I like boys' games, and work, and manners!"

This was the quaint description of herself given by Miss Alcott in her famous book, *Little Women*. Later on in the book she gives a truer picture, though still quaint enough in its way. Describing herself as a girl of about fifteen, she says:

"Jo was very tall, thin, and brown, and reminded one of a colt, for she never seemed to know what to do with her long limbs, which were very much in her way. She had a decided mouth, a comical nose, and sharp, gray eyes,

which appeared to see everything, and were by turns fierce, or funny, or thoughtful.

“Her long, thick hair was her one beauty, but was usually bundled into a net to be out of her way. Round shoulders had Jo, and big hands and feet, a fly-away look to her clothes, and the uncomfortable appearance of a girl who was rapidly shooting up into a woman and didn't like it.”

One needs but to read *Little Women* to know and to love its writer.

Louisa May Alcott was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, on November 29, 1832. Her father was a man of excellent education; her mother, a woman of refinement and culture, and one who bore a beautiful character.

In 1839 the Alcott family moved to Concord, near Boston. Mr. Alcott counted among his friends some of the best-known men of the day.

Miss Alcott had three sisters. These girls led a pleasant, happy life. Louisa was exceedingly fond of reading, and when only thirteen she began to write poems and short stories. A little later she began to teach, but still continued her writing.

She became acquainted with most of the famous people of Boston, and they formed a great liking for the bright, clever, and ambitious young girl.

At the outbreak of the Civil War Miss Alcott felt it her duty to do what she could to relieve the sufferings of the poor, sick soldiers. Accordingly she went to Washington and became a hospital nurse. Her kindness to the poor, wounded soldiers won all hearts.

After a time Miss Alcott was obliged to give up this work, much as she loved it, owing to personal illness. On regaining her health she continued her work as a writer.

The first part of her most famous story, *Little Women*, was published in 1868. This was soon followed by the second part, and later by *Little Men*. These two stories stand among the first of all books in the intense interest they possess for growing boys and girls.

The secret of their success lies largely in the fact that they breathe the story of a loving home life. Another charm in each book comes from the descriptions of everyday scenes and experiences in the lives of boys and girls like yourselves.

Meg, Jo, Beth, Amy, — Laurie, Tommy Bangs, and even fiery Dan, — become close, personal friends of every one who reads *Little Women* and *Little Men*.

affected
quaint

description
character

culture
education



WHAT FANNY HEARD

She was lying on the rug, in the twilight, all alone, seeing pictures in the fire, and talking to herself.

It had n't been a happy day, and Fanny felt a little sad, though she would n't own that the reason was because she had been idle, disobedient, and willful.

"Nobody cares for me or takes any pains to make me happy," grumbled Fanny. "Since mamma died, and papa went to England, I've been just as miserable as I could be. Cousin Mary is so sober and strict and fussy, I don't have a bit of fun, but study, sew, walk, go to bed and get up, like the hateful little story-book girls, who never do wrong or get tired of going on as regularly as a clock. Oh, dear! if I had some friends and playmates this big, quiet house would n't seem so dismal."

Fanny laid her face on her arm and tried to cry, but not having anything to cry for, she could n't squeeze out a single tear. Suddenly she heard a chime of delicate bells ringing sweetly in the room, and filling the air with perfume.

"Bless me, what's that?" and Fanny popped up her head to see. But everything was still and in its place, and when she spoke the bells ceased.

So she lay down again, and presently heard a sweet little voice say sorrowfully: "What an ungrateful child

Fanny is to say she has no friends, when the house is full of them, if she would only learn to see them ! Her good cousin took her home, and tries to be a mother to her, though she is feeble and fond of quiet. It was very kind of her to have a noisy, spoilt child always about ; for, though it worries her, she never complains, but tries to make Fanny a gentle, helpful, happy child."

The blue hyacinth standing in the window said this, and the lovely pink one answered warmly: " Yes, indeed ! and I often wonder that Fanny does n't see this, and try to return some of the patient care by affectionate little acts, and grateful words, and cheerful looks. Why, she might make this house perfectly charming if she chose ; it was too lonely and still before, but now a bright-faced, gentle little girl with her merry ways would delight us all.

" I bloom my best to please her, and send out my perfume to attract her, for I love her much, and want her to feel that I am her friend. But she takes no notice of me ; she does n't care for my love ; she is blind to my beauty, and gives me no answer to my sweet invitation, though she longs for playmates all the time."

With a soft sigh the flowers shook their delicate heads and said no more. But before Fanny could speak, Goldy, the canary, gave a little skip on his perch, and cried out in a shrill chirp: " I quite agree with you, ladies: that

child does n't know how to enjoy her blessings, or to recognize her friends when she sees them. Here I sit day after day, telling her in all sorts of ways how glad I am she is come; how fond I am of her, and how much I want to talk with her. I get quite excited sometimes, and sing till my throat aches, trying to make her understand all this; but she won't, and all I get for my pains is a pettish, 'Do stop screaming, you noisy bird,' and a cloth over the cage to keep me quiet. It's very hard." And Goldy shook a little tear out of his round black eye. "I love the sun, and air, and blithe company so dearly, and she won't let me have any of them.

"She promised to take care of me, but she doesn't, and I go hungry, thirsty, and untidy, while she mopes and wishes she had something pleasant to do.

"To-day, now, I've had neither seed nor water; no sniff of fresh air, no fly about the room, not a bit of apple, not a kind word or look, but have sat in the dark, with the cover over my cage, because I tried to tell how glad I was to see the sun, in spite of my hunger and thirst, loneliness and homesickness. Ah, well! some day she may be kinder to me, and then I'll show her what a loving friend I can be."

And with a last peck at the husks that lay in the cage, a last sad look about his gloomy house, Goldy

put his head under his wing and tried to forget his troubles in sleep.

Fanny was going to start up and feed and pet him, with remorseful tenderness, when a new voice sounded behind her, and she waited to listen. It was the piano, and everything it said went to a sort of tune, because it could n't help being musical at all times.

"When first she came to stay, little Fanny used to play and sing like any lark, between the daylight and the dark, and our mistress loved it well. But now, I grieve to tell, she scarcely sings a note ; no more the sweet songs float like spirits through the gloom, making gay the quiet room.

"I cannot tell how much her little fingers' touch ever thrills me with delight ; how my keys, black and white, love to dance as she plays ; how my pedal quick obeys, and bass and treble blend, to please our little friend.

"But now she sits apart, with discord in her heart, forgetting I am here with power to soothe and cheer ; that she'd better sing than sigh, better laugh than cry, for hearts get out of tune, and should be mended soon.

"Little Fanny, sing again, like a bird in spite of rain. Fill the house with music gay, make a concert of each day ; and when others play on you, answer sweetly, as I do."

“Why, its talking poetry, I do believe!” cried Fanny, as the last words went echoing through the room and died away.

“How any one can be lonely with us for friends is hard to understand,” said another voice from the bookcase. “Here we are, lots of us, rows of us, regiments of us; every sort of storybook; here’s fairy tales new and old; here’s Robinson Crusoe and dear old Mother Goose, Mrs. Barbauld and Miss Edgeworth; here’s German picture books and French fables, English games and American notions, of every kind. Come and read us, come and read us, and never say again you have no friends and nothing to do.”

There was such a noise that no one heard Fanny laugh out, for each book was shouting its own title and making such a stir it sounded like a wind blowing dry leaves about.

“I don’t wish to intrude myself, for I’m not literary, nor musical, nor botanical; but I am domestic, and have an eye for all useful things,” said a needle in a sharp tone, as it sat bolt upright in Fanny’s topsy-turvy basket on the table.

“I am woman’s friend, and with my help she does a deal of good, whiles away many long hours, and finds a good deal of quiet happiness in my society. Little girls don’t care much for me until they have doll children to sew for; even then some of them neglect and abuse me,

and don't learn to use me nicely. I know a young lady who has n't a rag to her back ; and yet her mamma takes no pains to clothe her, though a charming blue dress, and white apron, and nice little underclothes lie all ready cut out and basted.

"I pity that poor doll so much that I'd gladly sew for her alone if I could. I'm afraid I should be thought rude if I suggested to the mamma to sew instead of fretting, so I would n't say a word on any account ; but I see more than people would believe, and judge accordingly."

After which pointed remarks the needle actually winked at the thimble, and then sat stiffer than ever in the unfinished blue gown.

Fanny was so ashamed that she turned her face toward the fire, just in time to see a brilliant spark-spirit standing in a cave of glowing coals. Waving its tiny hand, the spirit said : "Years ago a little girl lived here, who made this the happiest home ever seen, by her gentle ways, her loving heart, her cheerful voice, and willing hands.

"Every one loved her, and she was always happy, for duty was pleasant. The world was bright, and she was never out of tune.

"She tended flowers in the window yonder, and grew as beautiful as they ; she touched the old piano, and filled the house with music ; she fed her little bird, and was as

cheerful as he ; she read and studied those books, growing wise and good and gay on the food they gave her ; she sewed busily, clothing naked children as well as dolls ; and many blessed her. She often lay where you lie now, not discontented and sad, but with a happy heart, a busy fancy, and the love of many friends to keep her always blithe.

“ We loved her well, and we love you for her dear sake. If you would see her image, look up and try to imitate her.”

Rather startled at the serious manner of the sprite Fanny lifted her eyes, and there hung the picture of her mother when she was a little girl. She had often seen it before, but it had never seemed so beautiful as now, when, looking at it with full eyes, little Fanny said softly to herself : “ Oh, dear mamma, I will be like you if I can ; I’ll find friends where you found them ; I’ll make home happy as you did ; I’ll try to be loved for your sake, and grow to be a useful, cheerful good woman like you.”

LOUISA M. ALCOTT in *Cupid and Chow Chow*

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hyacinth

delicate

domestic

dismal

brilliant

suggested

LITTLE AND GREAT



A traveler, through a dusty road,
 Strewed acorns on the lea ;
And one took root and sprouted up,
 And grew into a tree.
Love sought its shade at evening time,
 To breathe its early vows ;
And Age was pleased, in heats of noon,
 To bask beneath its boughs.
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs,
 The birds sweet music bore ;
It stood a glory in its place,
 A blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way
 Amid the grass and fern ;

A passing stranger scooped a well,
 Where weary men might turn.
 He walled it in, and hung with care
 A ladle at the brink ;
 He thought not of the deed he did,
 But judged that Toil might drink.
 He passed again — and lo ! the well,
 By summers never dried,
 Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,
 And saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought ;
 'T was old — and yet 't was new ;
 A simple fancy of the brain,
 But strong in being true.
 It shone upon a genial mind,
 And lo ! its light became
 A lamp of life, a beacon ray,
 A monitory flame.
 The thought was small — its issue great,
 A watch fire on the hill.
 It sheds its radiance far adown,
 And cheers the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd
 That thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love,
 Unstudied, from the heart.
 A whisper on the tumult thrown,
 A transitory breath,
 It raised a brother from the dust,
 It saved a soul from death.
 O germ ! O fount ! O word of love !
 O thought at random cast !
 Ye were but little at the first,
 But mighty at the last.

CHARLES MACKAY

genial	monitory	transitory
tumult	unstudied	radiance

Blessed are the poor in spirit : for theirs is the kingdom
 of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be
 comforted.

Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called
 the children of God.

BIBLE

GRANDPA'S STORY — I

"Tell us a story, grandpa, please," begged little Arthur, one evening after tea.

"Yes, please *do*," urged Fred, who also loved to listen to grandpa's stories. Tell us a *true* story this time.

It was bitter cold outside; the wind howled around the corner of the house, and made the big fire seem much more cheerful by contrast.

Arthur was ten years old, Fred, fourteen, and their sister Marie was just twelve.

"Very well," said Grandpa Booth, after thinking earnestly for some minutes. "I will tell you a story which my dear old grandfather loved to tell to me. Fred, just run up to my room, and bring down the old gun that hangs over my mantel."

Fred went upstairs, and the children waited patiently until he returned. Then grandpa took the gun and, laying it carefully across his lap, began his story.

"Over a hundred years ago the colonists won their freedom from England after a long and bitter struggle, which lasted for eight years.

"My grandfather's name was John Williams. At the time of which I speak, the beginning of the War for Independence, John lived with his parents on a farm just

outside the city of Boston. The first battle of the Revolution was fought in 1775. How many times have I heard grandfather tell of his share in that fight! He was then a lad of about sixteen. Though not much more than a boy in years, his life on the farm had made him strong and hardy."

Grandfather paused and seemed to be thinking of a far-off time. The children sat quietly waiting for him to resume his story, for by this time they were deeply interested. After a time he began again.

"One night in April of that year my grandfather was aroused from his sleep by the calls of some one in the road. He arose quickly, and going to the window, threw it open and looked out. He found that his parents had also been awakened by the noise, and were seeking to learn the cause.

"Though it was dark, John could see a man on horseback in the road which ran past the house. The man was calling out: 'The British have started from Boston and are marching toward Concord! Your friends are gathering on the Common to prepare to meet them! I am off to warn your neighbors! Good night.' Then came the clatter of hoofs, and the rider had passed on down the road."



PAUL REVERE'S RIDE
From the painting by Robert Reid

GRANDPA'S STORY — II

“John dressed hurriedly and went downstairs. He found his father ready to leave the house, with his gun in his hand and his powderhorn slung across his shoulder. As John entered the room, his father said: ‘I must be off at once, my boy. You must look after things at home until I return. Take good care of your mother and sister.’

“‘I am going with you, father,’ said John.

“‘That is impossible. Who will help your mother? There are many things which you, and you only, can do for her during my absence. I am afraid, moreover, that there will be trouble to-day.’

“‘Do let me go, father. I am a man now. I want to fight for my country too.’

“Mrs. Williams tried to dissuade her son from going, but he begged so hard that finally she consented.

“John ran to his room, and brought down the gun I hold in my hands. It was almost new then, and had been a present to the boy from his father. After taking leave of Mrs. Williams and little Hope, he and his father started for the Common, where they joined their neighbors who were already forming there. These men were called ‘minutemen’ because they were ready to respond to the call at a minute’s notice.

“Soon after dawn they heard the sound of drum and fife. The British were coming! As the soldiers marched up, their captain called out, ‘Disperse, ye rebels!’ The colonists did not obey, and the command was repeated. Again there was no response from the minutemen, and the British fired. Several men were wounded, and the little band fell back. Then the British continued their march to Concord. Some hours later they again appeared. This time they were hurrying back to Boston.

“In the meantime, the minutemen had intrenched themselves behind stone walls, fences, and trees. As the soldiers approached, they were met by a volley from the men along the sides of the road. This fire was kept up for some time, the minutemen following the British as they hurried towards Boston. John kept close to his father, obeying orders, and fighting like a man. Mr. Williams was proud of his boy’s courage and determination, and occasionally gave him a word of encouragement.

“Late in the afternoon father and son returned to their home, footsore, weary, and hungry. How gladly they were welcomed by the dear mother who had been thinking of them all day long, and praying for their safety!

“This was the beginning of the Revolution. That day made John Williams a soldier in his country’s cause. When the patriot army gathered around Boston he and

his father joined the troops and remained in the army until the war was over and peace and independence were assured.

“During those long years of strife and hardship this old gun was John’s faithful friend. When I was sixteen years old, grandfather presented it to me as a remembrance, not only of himself, but of the gallant struggle for freedom. Every time I look at it, I resolve to be a good American citizen, and to love and to honor the flag for which those brave men fought so long. Now, children, do you wonder why I look upon this gun as my chief treasure?”

“No,” said Fred. “And I am glad that you have told us its story, grandpa. We shall think more of that old gun in the future, and of the boy who carried it in the cause of his country.”

contrast	earnestly	colonists
hurriedly	dissuade	disperse
intrenched	Revolution	assured

Flag of the heroes who left us their glory,
 Borne through their battlefields’ thunder and flame,
 Blazoned in song and illumined in story,
 Wave o’er us all who inherit their fame!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

CONCORD HYMN

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.

The foe long since in silence slept ;
 Alike the conqueror silent sleeps ;
And time, the ruined bridge has swept
 Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
 We set to-day a votive stone ;
That memory may their deed redeem,
 When, like our sires, our sons are gone.

Spirit, that made those heroes dare
 To die, and leave their children free,
Bid Time and Nature gently spare
 The shaft we raise to them, and thee.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

embattled

conqueror

votive

THEODOSIUS, THE EMPEROR

Theodosius, a wise emperor, reigned in Rome many years ago. He had three fair daughters of whom he was very fond.

He wished to know which one of his daughters loved him best, so he said to the eldest, "How much lovest thou me?"

"Forsooth," quoth she, "more than I do myself."

The king was much pleased, and said, "Thou shalt be highly advanced. I will marry thee to a mighty king."

Then came he to the second daughter, and said to her, "Daughter, how much lovest thou me?"

"As much, forsooth, as I do myself," quoth she.

So he married her to a noble duke. Then came he to the third daughter, and said, "How much lovest thou me?"

"Forsooth, as much as ye be worthy, and no more."

Then said the emperor, "Daughter, since thou lovest me no more, thou shalt not be married so richly as thy sisters be." And he married her to an earl.

After this it happened that the emperor held battle against the king of Egypt.

The king drove the emperor out of his empire, and the emperor had no place to abide in.

So he wrote letters, ensealed with his ring, to his first daughter, who had said that she loved him more than herself. He prayed her to help him in his great need, as he had been driven out of his empire.

When the daughter had read these letters, she told the story to her husband, the king. Then quoth the king: "It is meet that we help him in his need. I will gather a host and help him in all that I can or may; and that cannot be done without great cost."

"Yea," quoth she, "it were sufficient to grant him five knights to be with him while he is out of his empire." And so it was done; and the daughter wrote to her father that other help he might not have, but five knights of the king, at the king's cost.

When the emperor heard this he was heavy in his heart, and said, "Alas! alas! all my trust was in her. She said she loved me more than herself, and therefore I advanced her so high."

Then he wrote to the second daughter, who had said she loved him as much as herself. And when she had read his letter, she showed it to her husband, the duke. She asked that he should give the emperor meat and drink and clothing, fit for the state of such a lord, during his time of need. When this was granted she wrote a letter to her father.

The emperor was sad at this answer, and said, "Since my two daughters have thus grieved me, in sooth I shall prove the third."

So he wrote to the third daughter, who had said that she loved him as much as he was worthy. He prayed her to help him in his need, and told her the answers of her two sisters.

When she had considered the trouble her father was in, she spoke to her husband in this wise: "My worshipful lord, do help me now in this great need. My father is put out of his empire and his heritage."

Then spake he, "What is thy will?"

"That ye gather a host and help him to fight against his enemies."

"I shall do thy will," said the earl. He gathered a great host and went with the emperor to battle, and they had the victory. The emperor was sent back to his heritage.

Then said the emperor: "Blessed be my youngest daughter. I loved her less than either of the others, and yet in my need she helped me, and the others have failed. Therefore, at my death, she shall have my empire." And so it was done indeed. For after the death of the emperor the youngest daughter reigned happily in his stead.

Adapted from the *Gesta Romanorum*

forsooth

quoeth

heritage

COURTESY REWARDED

King Mansor reigned in Morocco many, many years ago. From the chronicles of his time we learn that he was greatly beloved by his people, for he was a kind and a just ruler. It is recorded, too, that he was exceedingly fond of all outdoor sports.

On one occasion while the king was riding across the country with a party of friends a severe storm arose ; the wind blew with great violence and the rain fell in torrents.

In some way King Mansor became separated from his companions as they hastened through the fields in search of shelter. He wandered about alone for some time, while the storm increased in fury as night came on. At length he began to despair of finding a refuge, for he found himself in a sparsely settled part of the country.

Suddenly his search was rewarded by the sight of a faint glimmer of light, which upon investigation proved to come from the hut of a poor fisherman. The king called out for help, and the fisherman came to the door to welcome the bewildered traveler.

"Will you kindly direct me to the royal palace?" asked the king.

"The royal palace ! Why, friend, it is ten good miles to the palace. Surely you do not intend to continue your

journey thither in the face of this storm!" replied the fisherman.

"I will pay you well for your trouble if you will act as my guide. I am anxious to reach the palace as soon as possible," said the king.

"Though you were King Mansor himself, I would not venture upon such a journey to-night," responded the fisherman.

"And why? Surely the king would amply reward you."

"Truly," said the poor man; "yet I would not attempt it, for I should render myself guilty, perhaps, of leading our beloved monarch to destruction. The night is dark, a severe storm is raging, and the waters near us are treacherous."

"But why should you be so careful of the king's safety?"

"Oh," replied the good man, "because I honor him above every one, and I love him more than myself."

"What good has he ever done to you that you should hold him in such esteem?" asked the king.

"Tell me, sir knight, what greater good can I receive from my king than to be protected in the enjoyment of my home, my goods, and my little earnings? All I have I owe to his kindness and to the wisdom of his just laws.

I am permitted to fish where I please, and afterwards to take my catch to the best market I can find, so that I am able to provide well for my family. To whom am I indebted for all this? Why, to my king for whom I offer up my prayers daily. But why do I talk here, sir knight, when you stand before me, dripping from the pelting of this pitiless storm? Pray enter my dwelling and accept what cheer and comfort it may afford you. To-morrow I will gladly conduct you to the palace."

The king resolved to accept the invitation, and, dismounting, entered the little hut. The fisherman led the horse into a rude stall and gave him a generous portion of hay and grain.

Mansor sat down near the fire, while the fisherman's wife busied herself with the preparation of the evening meal. Shortly after supper the family retired to rest.

Early next morning the king started for the palace, attended by his kind host, who acted as guide. They had proceeded but a little way when they met several of the king's party who were searching for their lord. They were overjoyed at finding him safe and uninjured, for they had spent an anxious night.

Turning to the fisherman, King Mansor said: "My friend, I am greatly indebted to you. I am the king of whom you spoke so kindly last evening. Your courtesy

and good will shall be rewarded. For the present accept my hearty thanks."

Shortly after this, Mansor presented the good man with a great tract of land together with several fine palaces in token of his gratitude. In the course of time a city grew up on this site, and its people were famed throughout the land for their generosity.

Now, simple as this story may seem, it will at least teach this lesson, — Behave with courtesy towards every one, for courtesy, like virtue, is its own reward.

Adapted from the Italian of MATTEO BANDELLO

chronicles

investigation

monarch

treacherous

esteem

courtesy

Outside fall the snowflakes lightly;
Through the night, loud raves the storm;
In my room the fire glows brightly,
And 't is cosy, silent, warm.

Musing sit I on the settle,
By the firelight's cheerful blaze,
Listening to the busy kettle
Humming long-forgotten lays.

HEINRICH HEINE

HALF CHICK

Once upon a time there lived a handsome, black Spanish hen, who had a brood of chickens.

They were all fine, plump, little chicks, with the exception of the youngest. He was such an odd-looking creature that when he first chipped his shell his mother could scarcely believe that he belonged to her. He was very different from the other fluffy little chicks who nestled under her wings, for he looked as if he had been cut in two. He had only one leg, one wing, and one eye; he had but half a head, and, of course, but half a beak.



"Dear me!" sighed the poor mother. "What a queer-looking creature! My youngest child is but a half chick. He will never grow up to be a handsome bird, I know. His brothers and sisters will go out into the world and make their way. This poor fellow will be obliged to remain at home. I shall call him Medio Pollito, which is Spanish for Half Chick."

Now though Medio Pollito was such a queer-looking fellow, his mother soon learned that he was not at all willing to be a stay-at-home. He seemed to possess a roving disposition.

When the mother hen clucked and chirped the other chicks obeyed her at once. Medio Pollito, however, took things into his own hands and did exactly as he pleased. When he heard his mother's call he pretended that he did not hear. When the family went out to walk he would run off alone and hide. In this way he caused his poor mother many an anxious moment.

As he grew older he became more and more self-willed. He was often rude to his mother, and his brothers and sisters found him a very disagreeable companion.

One day Medio Pollito came up to his mother and said: "I am tired of living in this dull old place. One never sees anything new here. I have decided to go to Madrid to visit the king."

"You are going to Madrid?" asked the mother. "Why, child, that is a long, long journey, even for a grown-up like myself. A poor little chick like you will be worn out before you go half the distance. Content yourself and remain at home until you are older; perhaps we shall all go to Madrid together some day."

Medio Pollito would not listen to his mother's advice; he had made up his mind, and to Madrid he would go.

"I shall go at once, mother," he said. "Perhaps I shall ask you to visit me some day." Without another word he set forth.

His mother called after him, "Be sure that you are kind and civil to every one you meet, my child." He went on, without stopping to reply.

For a time all went well. Finally in passing through a field he came upon a stream that was so overgrown with reeds and water plants that its waters could not flow freely.

"Oh, dear Medio Pollito," cried the stream, "do come and help me to clear away these plants!"

"Do you think that I have nothing to do but to stop on my journey to help a foolish stream like you?" asked the chick, as he tossed his head proudly. "Help yourself and don't annoy travelers. I am on my way to Madrid to visit the king. I have no time to spare." With these words he hopped away.

He went on for some time until he came to a fire which had been left burning in a wood. The fire was very low — almost burned out.

“Oh, Medio Pollito,” it cried in a weak little voice, “please help me! I shall go out presently unless you put some fresh wood upon me. Please do help me!”

“No, no,” said Medio Pollito sharply. “I have more important work at hand. I am off to Madrid to visit the king. I cannot spare the time to help you.” So saying he started off again and traveled on till dusk. Then he sought a place in which to rest over night.

He resumed his journey early next morning and soon came upon a chestnut tree, in whose branches the wind was caught so that it could not get away.

“Oh, Medio Pollito!” cried the wind, “do hop up here and help me to free myself from this tangle! I cannot do so without assistance. I have tried so long to disentangle myself that I am worn out.”

“I cannot waste precious time upon you. Why did you become entangled among those great branches? You should have known better. Just shake yourself loose and don’t worry me. I’m off to Madrid to visit the king.”

Very soon after this Medio Pollito saw the towers and spires of Madrid in the distance. He was delighted at the thought that he would soon see the king.

As he neared the city he inquired the way to the palace. He determined to stand at the front gate until the king came out.

Now it happened that the king's cook saw him just as he was making his way toward the great gate.

"Here is the very thing I want for the king's broth," said the cook. He ran after Medio Pollito and caught him, and then popped him into the broth pot over the fire.

Poor Medio Pollito! You cannot imagine how wet and uncomfortable he was.

"Water, water, pray have pity on me, and do not wet me so, — you will spoil my feathers!" cried the poor chick.

"Ah, my friend," replied the water, "you showed me no pity when I was a little stream far away in the fields near your home. Now I cannot help you."

Just then the water began to boil and to scald the poor chick. He tried in vain to get away from the heat by hopping from one side of the pot to the other. At last he cried: "Dear fire, pray do not hurt me so! Do have pity upon me!"

"Ah, Medio Pollito," said the fire, "you refused to help me when I was dying out in the woods. Now I cannot help you. You are receiving your just punishment."

Finally the cook lifted the lid of the pot to find the chicken quite spoiled, for it was burned almost to a cinder. Thereupon he opened the window and tossed Medio Pollito out into the street. The wind caught him up at once and whirled him upward through the air so rapidly that he lost his breath.

"Dear wind," he managed to gasp at last, "pray be a little more kind. Do let me rest a moment. If you continue to hurry me so, I shall surely die."

"Ah," answered the wind, "did you help me when I was caught in the branches of that great tree yonder? You refused to help me then, for you said you could not waste your precious time. I cannot help you now."

And he hurled the poor chick up over the housetops and fastened him to the very top of the tallest spire in the town, where you may see him to this day. His one wing droops at his side, and he gazes sadly over the town out of his one little eye.

Spanish Tradition

nestled

disposition

assistance

TRAVEL

I should like to rise and go
Where the golden apples grow ;—
Where below another sky
Parrot islands anchored lie,
And, watched by cockatoos and goats,
Lonely Crusoes building boats ;—
Where in sunshine reaching out
Eastern cities, miles about,
Are with mosque and minaret
Among sandy gardens set,
And the rich goods from near and far
Hang for sale in the bazaar ;—
Where the Great Wall round China goes,
And on one side the desert blows,
And with bell and voice and drum,
Cities on the other hum ;—
Where are forests, hot as fire,
Wide as England, tall as a spire,
Full of apes and cocoanuts
And the negro hunters' huts ;—
Where the knotty crocodile
Lies and blinks in the Nile,
And the red flamingo flies

Hunting fish before his eyes ; —
Where in jungles, near and far,
Man-devouring tigers are,
Lying close and giving ear
Lest the hunt be drawing near,
Or a comer-by be seen
Swinging in a palanquin ; —
Where among the desert sands
Some deserted city stands,
All its children, sweep and prince,
Grown to manhood ages since,
Not a foot in street or house,
Not a stir of child or mouse,
And when kindly falls the night,
In all the town no spark of light.
There I'll come when I'm a man
With a camel caravan ;
Light a fire in the gloom
Of some dusty dining room ;
See the pictures on the walls,
Heroes, fights and festivals ;
And in a corner find the toys
Of the old Egyptian boys.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

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THE PEASANT AND THE ROBBERS

One fine morning a Persian peasant was on his way to market to sell a kid. The man was riding slowly along upon his donkey, with the kid following. The better to secure his little charge, he had tied a bell to its neck.

He had journeyed several miles from home when he had the misfortune to fall in with three robbers, famous in that country for their boldness and cunning.

"Behold!" exclaimed one of the robbers to his companions; "here comes a fine fish for our net. I think he is worth angling for. I will wager what you please that I can make away with the kid without the man's noticing it."

"And I," said the second robber, "will wager that I can secure his donkey with his own permission, and he shall, moreover, thank me for it."

"Pshaw!" cried the third robber. "Why boast of mere child's play? These simple tricks are utterly unworthy of our skill. For my part, I will strip him of his very cloak, and he shall call me friend."

"To the test, then," cried all three at once.

"Let the first boaster begin," exclaimed he who had spoken last.

Forth stepped the first robber and quietly followed the peasant. Presently the thief unloosed the bell from the

kid's neck, and, after tying it to the donkey's tail, walked off with his prize.

The poor farmer, still hearing the tinkle of the bell, thought that all was safe and jogged merrily along on his way. At length he happened to turn about, and, not seeing the kid (though he still heard the bell), was much puzzled. He ran this way and that, and inquired of every one he met whether he had seen his kid and the thief who had stolen it.

The second robber came up, and said, "I saw a man running off in that direction just now. He had a goat with him; I am sure it must be yours."

Away went the poor rustic, leaving his donkey in the thief's hands and thanking him at the same time for his great kindness.

The peasant lost his breath in a vain search for his kid, and when at last he returned to the place where he had left his donkey, he found that both man and donkey had disappeared.

"Alas! alas!" cried he; "where is my donkey? where is my friend?" When the full extent of his misfortunes dawned upon him he wept bitterly.

"The next rascal that imposes upon me shall surely suffer for it," he said, for by this time he had lost his patience.

Scarcely had he spoken when his attention was attracted by a deep groan, coming from some person near by. He went a little farther on and discovered a man, seemingly in great distress.

“Why do you groan? You cannot be as unfortunate as I am. I have just lost two beasts, a donkey and a kid. I was on my way to market to sell the kid, when lo! two rascally thieves robbed me of my all!”

The robber replied: “Do not pretend to compare your misfortune with mine. I have dropped a case of jewels, directed to the Cadi, into this well. Their value is tenfold greater than all the donkeys and goats in the world. If I do not recover them I shall surely lose my life.”

He began to weep so bitterly that the poor rustic pitied him.

“Why do you not remove your cloak and dive for them? You may recover them in this way,” he said.

“Alas!” cried the robber; “I can neither dive nor swim. If I could find some one to go down into the well for me, I would reward him with ten pieces of gold.”

“Would you, indeed?” asked the rustic, jumping at the offer. “This is an opportunity for me to redeem my losses. It would repay me for my donkey and my kid.”

He removed his cloak and passed it to the robber. Then he balanced himself carefully on the edge of the well,

saying: "I will recover your jewels for you, my friend. Weep no more."

He plunged into the well and searched in all directions. Of course his search was vain. Finally the water felt so cold that he was glad to get out of the well again. He looked about for his friend and his cloak. Both had disappeared. Then for the third time he perceived that he had been cheated.

He was forced to return to his home, cold, wet, and bereft of his all; and to make matters worse, his wife ridiculed him in no small measure.

Adapted from the Italian

opportunity

rascally

ridiculed



A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR—I

There was once a child, and he strolled about a good deal, and thought of a number of things. He had a sister who was a child, too, and his constant companion. These two used to wonder all day long. They wondered at the beauty of the flowers; they wondered at the height and blueness of the sky; they wondered at the depth of the bright water; they wondered at the goodness and power of God who made the lovely world.

They used to say to one another sometimes, "Supposing all the children upon earth were to die, would the flowers, and the water, and the sky be sorry?" They believed they would be sorry. "For," said they, "the buds are the children of the flowers, and the little playful streams that gambol down the hillsides are the children of the water; and the smallest bright specks, playing at hide and seek in the sky at night, must surely be the children of the stars; and they would all be grieved to see their playmates, the children of men, no more."

There was one clear, shining star that used to come out in the sky before the rest, near the church spire, above the graves. It was larger and more beautiful, they thought, than all the others, and every night they watched for it, standing hand in hand at a window. Whoever

saw it first, cried out, "I see the star!" And often they cried out both together, knowing so well when it would rise, and where.

So they grew to be such friends with it, that, before lying down in their beds, they always looked out once again to bid it good night; and when they were turning round to sleep, they used to say, "God bless the star!"

But while she was still very young, oh, very, very young, the sister drooped and came to be so weak that she could no longer stand in the window at night. The child looked sadly out by himself, and when he saw the star, turned round and said to the patient, pale face on the bed, "I see the star!" And then a smile would come upon the face, and a little weak voice used to say, "God bless my brother and the star!"

And so the time came, all too soon, when the child looked out alone, and when there was no face on the bed; and when there was a little grave among the graves, not there before; and when the star made long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

Now these rays were so bright, and they seemed to make such a shining way from earth to heaven, that when the child went to his solitary bed, he dreamed about the star; and dreamed that, lying where he was, he saw a train of people taken up that sparkling road by angels.

And the star, opening, showed him a great world of light where many more such angels waited to receive them.

All these angels who were waiting, turned their beaming eyes upon the people who were carried up into the star ; and some came out from the long rows in which they stood, and fell upon the people's necks, and kissed them tenderly, and went away with them down avenues of light, and were so happy in their company, that, lying in his bed, he wept for joy.

But there were many angels who did not go with them, and among them one he knew. The patient face that once had lain upon the bed was glorified and radiant, but his heart found out his sister among all the host.

His sister's angel lingered near the entrance of the star, and said to the leader among those who had brought the people thither, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "No."

She was turning hopefully away, when the child stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" and then she turned her beaming eyes upon him. And it was night; and the star was shining into the room, making long rays down toward him as he saw it through his tears.

A CHILD'S DREAM OF A STAR — II

From that hour forth the child looked out upon the star as on the home he was to go to, when his time should come; and he thought that he did not belong to the earth alone, but to the star too, because of his sister's angel gone before.

There was a baby born to be a brother of the child; and while he was so little that he never yet had spoken a word, he stretched his tiny form out on his bed and died.

Again the child dreamed of the opened star, and of the company of angels, and the train of people, and the rows of angels with their beaming eyes all turned upon those people's faces.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Not that one, but another."

As the child saw his brother's angel in her arms, he cried: "Oh, sister, I am here! Take me!" She turned and smiled upon him.

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a young man, and was busy at his books when an old servant came to him and said: "Thy mother is no more. I bring her blessing on her darling son!"

Again at night he saw the star, and all that former company. Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Thy mother!"

A mighty cry of joy went forth through all the star, because the mother was reunited to her two children. And he stretched out his arms, and cried, "Oh, mother, sister, and brother, I am here! Take me!" And they answered him, "Not yet."

And the star was shining.

He grew to be a man whose hair was turning gray, and he was sitting in his chair by the fireside, heavy with grief, and his face bedewed with tears, when the star opened once again.

Said his sister's angel to the leader, "Is my brother come?"

And he said, "Nay, but his maiden daughter."

And the man who had been the child saw his daughter, newly lost to him, a celestial creature among those three, and said, "My daughter's head is on my sister's bosom, and her arm is round my mother's neck, and at her feet there is the baby of old time. I can bear the parting from her. God be praised!"

And the star was shining.

Thus the child came to be an old man. His once smooth face was wrinkled, his steps were slow and feeble, his back was bent. One night as he lay upon his bed, his children standing round him, he cried as he had cried so long ago, "I see the star!"

They whispered one to another, "He is dying."

And he said: "I am. My age is falling from me like a garment, and I move toward the star as a child. And oh, my Father, now I thank Thee that it has so often opened to receive those dear ones who await me."

And the star was shining; and it shines upon his grave.

CHARLES DICKENS

strolled
solitary

avenues
glorified

patient
bedewed

Far from all habitation,
I hear a happy sound;
Big with the consolation
That I have often found.

I said, "My lot is sorrow,
My grief has no alloy";
The rocks replied, "To-morrow,
To-morrow brings thee joy."

WILLIAM COWPER

HALF-A-DOZEN FABLES

I. THE JAY AND THE PEACOCKS

A jay once ventured into a yard where the peacocks were kept. Here he found a number of feathers which the peacocks had lost when they were molting.

He tied these feathers to his tail and strutted down to meet the peacocks. They soon discovered his trick and plucked away his borrowed plumes. Then they pecked at him and annoyed him so that he was forced to return to the other jays. They had been watching him, too, and when he came near, they teased him and said, "Fine feathers do not always make fine birds."

From this fable we have derived the expression "borrowed plumes." Can you tell now what it means?

II. THE BUNDLE OF STICKS

Once upon a time an old man called his sons to him and said: "My children, I am an old man. I may not live much longer. Therefore I have called you together to give you some parting advice."

He asked his servant to bring him a bundle of sticks. Then, turning to his eldest son, he said, "Break this."

The son tried his best to do so, but failed. The others also tried, but met with no better success.

"Now," said the old man, "untie the bundle, and each one of you take a single stick."

When they had done so, he said, "Now break your stick," and each stick was easily broken.

"Do you see my meaning?" asked the old man. "In union there is strength."

III. THE FOUR OXEN AND THE LION

A lion used to prowl about in a certain field where four oxen were accustomed to feed.

He tried many times to attack them. But whenever he came they turned so that whichever way he approached he was met by the horns of one of them.

One day, however, the oxen quarreled among themselves and each one went off to pasture alone in a separate corner of the field.

Then the lion came along, attacked them one by one, and soon made an end of all four.

"United we stand, divided we fall."

IV. THE FOX AND THE GOAT

By mischance a fox fell into a deep well from which he could not get out. A goat passing by asked the fox what he was doing in the well.

“Oh, have n't you heard the news? There is going to be a great drought, so I jumped into the well in order to have plenty of water near me. Won't you come down, too, and share it with me?”

The goat at once jumped into the well. Master Fox leaped on his back and was then able to scramble out of the well, leaving the poor goat alone.

Looking down at the goat, the fox said, “Next time look before you leap.”

V. THE WOLF AND THE KID

A kid perched up on the top of a house saw a wolf passing by. Immediately the kid cried out: “What are you doing near *honest* people's houses? You are a great rogue, as everybody knows. How dare you show yourself here, where every one looks upon you as a thief?”

Looking up, the wolf said: “Call away, young friend. How easy it is to be brave from a safe distance!”

VI. THE LION'S SHARE

Once upon a time the lion went a-hunting with the fox, the jackal, and the wolf. At the close of the day's hunt they killed a stag. Now came the question, “How shall the stag be divided?”

“Quarter the stag,” roared the lion. The others obeyed at once.

“Now,” continued the lion, “listen to me. The first quarter belongs to me as King of the Beasts; the second is mine as judge in this matter; another portion falls to my lot for my share in the day’s hunt. As for the fourth quarter, which one of you will dare to touch it?”

“Humph,” growled the fox, as he slunk away; “you may work with the great, but you will not always share the spoils.”

molting

drought

rogue

jackal

derived

separate



SCHOOL DAYS IN ANCIENT ROME

A great many years ago an eruption of Mount Vesuvius caused the destruction of the two famous Roman cities at its base,—Pompeii and Herculaneum. These cities were lost for many years. Not long ago their sites were accidentally discovered, and at once excavations were made, and wonderful things brought to light.

In the old city of Herculaneum was found a remarkable painting,—one which would certainly interest you if you could see it. In part of this painting we see several girls whose faces wear a most unhappy expression. Two elderly men—probably teachers—are standing near; one of them is holding a book, while the other appears to be gazing attentively toward another part of the room.

Here four persons are represented: three boys and a grown person,—another teacher, I suppose. One of the boys is receiving punishment for some misdeed. Don't you wonder what it was?

Children in ancient Rome began their school life at the age of seven. They were taught their letters, and then reading and writing. In some schools, children were taught to read by syllables. In writing, they followed a copy traced on waxen tablets; spelling and grammar were usually learned from dictation.

Arithmetic was taught in two ways: sometimes by using the fingers, each finger representing a certain number; sometimes by means of counting-tables and pebbles. The counting-tables were made of stone; their surface was covered with sand through which long lines were drawn. Pebbles were placed in these little trenches, one row of pebbles representing units, another tens, and so on.

Each school had one teacher and an assistant. Sometimes the assistant was a boy who had been taught in the school, and who was preparing to become a teacher himself.

We have been speaking until now of the elementary schools. There were schools of higher grade, also, where the pupils studied the great Roman authors. Wealthy parents had their young children taught at home by Greek tutors. Even when these boys grew old enough to attend school their tutors accompanied them and remained till school was dismissed, in order to see their young charges home again.

All the schools had holidays in December and March.

Young men were often sent to Athens to continue their studies, for Athens was known as the city of learning and many famous men taught there.

eruption
syllables

excavations
represented

accidentally
elementary

IN SCHOOL-DAYS

Still sits the school-house by the road,
A ragged beggar sunning;
Around it still the sumachs grow,
And blackberry vines are running.

Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial.

The charcoal frescoes on its wall;
Its door's worn sill, betraying
The feet that, creeping slow to school,
Went storming out to playing!

Long years ago a winter sun
Shone over it at setting;
Lit up its western window-panes
And low eaves' icy fretting.

It touched the tangled golden curls,
And brown eyes full of grieving,
Of one who still her steps delayed
When all the school were leaving.



For near her stood the little boy
Her childish favor singled;
His cap pulled low upon a face
Where pride and shame were mingled.

Pushing with restless feet the snow
To right and left, he lingered;

As restlessly her tiny hands
 The blue-checked apron fingered.

He saw her lift her eyes ; he felt
 The soft hand's light caressing,
 And heard the tremble of her voice,
 As if a fault confessing.

"I'm sorry that I spelt the word :
 I hate to go above you,
 Because," — the brown eyes lower fell, —
 "Because, you see, I love you!"

Still memory to a gray-haired man
 That sweet child-face is showing.
 Dear girl! the grasses on her grave
 Have forty years been growing!

He lives to learn, in life's hard school,
 How few who pass above him
 Lament their triumph and his loss,
 Like her, — because they love him.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

sumach
 frescoes

official
 caressing

initial
 lament

FAIRY DAYS

Beside the old hall-fire — upon my nurse's knee,
Of happy fairy days — what tales were told to me !
I thought the world was once — all peopled with princesses,
And my heart would beat to hear — their loves and their
distresses.

And many a quiet night, — in slumber sweet and deep,
The pretty fairy people — would visit me in sleep.

I saw them in my dreams — come flying east and west,
With wondrous fairy gifts — the new-born babe they bless'd ;
One has brought a jewel — and one a crown of gold,
And one has brought a curse — but she is wrinkled and old.
The gentle queen turns pale — to hear those words of sin,
But the king he only laughs — and bids the dance begin.

The babe has grown to be — the fairest of the land,
And rides the forest green — a hawk upon her hand,
An ambling palfrey white — a golden robe and crown :
I've seen her in my dreams — riding up and down :
And heard the ogre laugh — as she fell into his snare,
At the little tender creature — who wept and tore her hair.

But ever when it seemed — her need was at the sorest,
A prince in shining mail — comes prancing through the
forest,

A waving ostrich-plume — a buckler burnished bright ;
 I've seen him in my dreams — good sooth ! a gallant
 knight.

His lips are coral red — beneath a dark mustache ;
 See how he waves his hand — and how his blue eyes flash !

“ Come forth, thou Paynim knight ! ” he shouts in accents
 clear.

The giant and the maid — both tremble his voice to hear.
 Saint Mary guard him well ! — he draws his falchion keen,
 The giant and the knight — are fighting on the green.
 I see them in my dreams — his blade gives stroke on
 stroke,

The giant pants and reels — and tumbles like an oak !

With what a blushing grace — he falls upon his knee
 And takes the lady's hand — and whispers, “ You are
 free.”

Ah ! happy childish tales — of knight and faërie !

I waken from my dreams — but there's ne'er a knight
 for me ;

I waken from my dreams — and wish that I could be
 A child by the old hall-fire — upon my nurse's knee !

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY

palfrey
 ogre

burnished
 mustache

accents
 falchion

A VACATION IN ALASKA—I

One evening after dinner Mr. Lewis called his two sons into the library for a talk. The boys were George, aged eighteen, and Frank, sixteen.

The former was associated with his father in business, while Frank was still a pupil in the high school. Both were strong, healthy lads, and their records in school and in business had given their parents just reason to be proud of them.

When they were seated in their father's little library, he said: "Boys, I have something of importance to tell you. For some time past my business has been increasing very rapidly. George knows this very well, and he and I have been obliged to work diligently. Of course this may not be news to you, Frank, but there is another matter of which you have known nothing.

"My health has been failing for some months, perhaps as the result of overwork, and Dr. James advises a complete change of occupation. I have decided, after careful consideration, to try six months in Alaska, and you are to accompany me."

For a moment there was silence; then both lads jumped to their feet and cried, "Hurrah! What a glorious vacation that will be for all of us!"

"Not so fast, boys," said Mr. Lewis. "You have not heard all that I have to say. We shall try mining in Alaska, and you will find that there is little fun and much work in that. We shall live out of doors the greater part of the day, and I trust that the complete change of scene and work will benefit us all.

"You have often heard me tell of my experience in Colorado. I feel that what I learned about mining then will be of use to us in Alaska. We shall proceed directly to Nome, one of the best-known mining regions of to-day.

"Your mother and I have talked over this plan for a long time. She and the girls will remain at home, and Mr. Harding will take care of my business. You see that all our plans were practically settled before I decided to tell you about them this evening."

"How soon shall we start, father?" asked George.

"We must be ready to leave here on the fifteenth of April. That will allow us ample time to reach Alaska and prepare for work there at the beginning of the season."

"I suppose we shall have to lay in a great store of heavy clothing," said Frank.

"Why?" said Mr. Lewis.

"Because Alaska is so far north, and it must be a very cold country," replied Frank.

“That is the general idea, Frank ; but Alaska is not always cold. Of course we shall need a good stock of heavy clothing, but you will find that the weather during the summer season is not very different from our own. The winters, to be sure, are very severe, but I do not intend to remain beyond the mild season if I can help it.”

A VACATION IN ALASKA — II

The fifteenth of April came at last, and the journey began. The lads had never before taken so important a trip, and they enjoyed every waking hour of it. As their home was in the East, they had a long overland journey to make first. They stopped for several days in Chicago to visit relatives. The trip across the prairies was full of interest, but most wonderful was the route through the Rockies.

At length they arrived in Seattle, a great port on the Pacific coast, and from there they were to travel to Alaska by steamer.

They were obliged to wait several days. They made good use of the time in collecting many things needful for their work as miners. Mr. Lewis purchased these articles at Seattle because he knew that they would be much more expensive in Alaska.

The trip from Seattle was a delightful one, and the fifteenth of May found our friends fairly settled in Nome.

Mr. Lewis soon completed all arrangements for the journey into the gold district. They located along the side of a hill on the banks of one of the numerous small streams of the country. The scenery was wild and rugged, and the mountains rose all about them.

The boys helped their father to build the hut in which they were to live. Then they spent several days in learning the methods of "placer mining." They followed Mr. Lewis up the stream, each boy carrying a pan (to be used for washing gold), while their father carried a pick and shovel.

Mr. Lewis taught them how to wash for gold. He obtained some dirt from the banks of the stream, placed it in his pan, and then held the pan partly under water.

Next, by a rapid circular movement he brought the heavier particles, such as pebbles, together. These could be easily removed. This washing was continued until there was but a fine, thin layer of dirt in the bottom of the pan. Mr. Lewis examined this very carefully for traces of gold.

The boys and their father worked in this way for several days without success, and the boys became adepts in "washing."

Finally they started downstream one morning, hoping to meet with better luck.

Mr. Lewis left the boys washing while he went on. After a little time he heard a shout from George: "Gold at last! Come and see, father!"

Frank left his pan and ran towards his brother; then he, too, shouted, "Gold, father! gold!"

Mr. Lewis hastened to the spot where the lads were seated, carefully examining the contents of George's pan.



Here and there in the fine dirt they could distinguish tiny yellow specks. Frank then completed the washing of the dirt in his pan, with the same result. Mr. Lewis took the pans, and with the greatest care in washing succeeded in separating the particles of gold from the dirt.

"Yes, boys; it is gold. Now let us work down the stream, with the hope of better results than these." From this time on they were more fortunate.

For a distance of many yards along the stream every pan contained specks of gold, sometimes more, sometimes less. The amount gradually increased, and of course the work seemed more enjoyable. There was an excitement about it, too, so that the boys could scarcely take time for meals; and they worked hard from sunrise until the last ray of daylight.

Following the vein, the Lewis party worked back some distance from the stream with increasing success.

While Mr. Lewis dug, the boys carried the dirt down to the water to wash for the precious metal. They worked at this spot for several weeks, and then they "prospected," as Mr. Lewis called it, for another place, where they remained for several days. They continued this work for some time.

One evening, as they sat around their camp fire, Mr. Lewis said suddenly, "Our work here must soon be at an end."

"Why?" asked both boys at once. "The season is not yet over."

"That is so, boys; but it will not last much longer, and I think it will be wise for us to leave before the rush home begins."

"I wish we could remain for a few weeks longer, father, our work has been so successful."

"Yes, that is true, George; but you do not know the Alaska winter. It comes suddenly and with great severity, and I would not like to be here when it came. Our work *has* been successful, for we have found not only gold but what is of greater value, — health."

"Do you think that our store of gold will amount to much?" asked Frank.

"Yes; as nearly as I can judge, it will pay all our expenses and leave us a small profit. We have been very fortunate, indeed."

A few days later the Lewis party broke camp and started for Nome. From this place they began their long journey home.

Mrs. Lewis and her daughters were delighted to see their loved ones again. In time they heard the whole story of their experience as miners. Many a time during the following winter George and Frank recalled the scenes of excitement and adventure they had passed through in Alaska.

associated
distinguish

scenery
particles

practically
gradually

A BOY'S SONG



Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the gray trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o'er the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
 Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
 Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
 Where the hay lies thick and greenest;
 There to trace the homeward bee,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
 Where the shadow falls the deepest,
 Where the clustering nuts fall free,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
 Little sweet maidens from the play,
 Or love to banter and fight so well,
 That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play,
 Through the meadow, among the hay;
 Up the water and o'er the lea,
 That's the way for Billy and me.

JAMES HOGG

hawthorn

mowers

hazel

THE DAISY

In the country, close by the roadside, stood a little farmhouse. Perhaps you have passed by and seen it yourself. The flower garden in front of the house was surrounded by a painted wooden fence. Close to the fence, in the midst of the fresh green grass, grew a little daisy. The sun smiled upon it as brightly as upon the splendid garden flowers, and so it grew from hour to hour.

One fine morning the little daisy stood in full bloom, and oh! it was so happy and contented. It looked up to the kind sun, and listened eagerly to the lark singing high up in the air.

Our little daisy was as happy as if it were a holiday, and yet it was only Monday. The children were all at school. While they sat on their benches learning their lessons, the daisy sat on its slender green stalk and learned from all around it that God was good.

The lark sang more sweetly than ever; and the daisy looked up admiringly to the bird that could sing and fly, but it was not at all envious.

"I can see and hear," she thought. "The sun shines on me and the wind kisses me. Oh, how happy I am!"

In the garden were many flowers. Strange to say, the less fragrance they had, the prouder they felt. The

peonies puffed themselves out so as to appear larger than the roses; they seemed to think that size was everything. The tulips bore the richest colors, as they knew full well, for they held themselves very stiff and straight, so as to be seen more plainly.

These fine flowers did not notice the little daisy outside; but the daisy looked at them and thought: "How beautiful they are! I am glad that I stand so near them and can enjoy the sight of their splendor."

While she was thinking—"Tweet! tweet!" down came the lark; but not to the peonies and tulips—no, down into the grass beside the little daisy. Her joy was so great that she did not know what to think.

The lark hopped about the flower and sang: "Oh! how soft the grass is! What a lovely little flower, with gold in its heart and silver on its dress!"

I cannot begin to tell you how happy the little daisy was. The bird kissed it and sang to it, and then flew off again into the blue, blue air.

The daisy wondered what the garden flowers thought of her. They had seen the lark, too, and must understand her joy. Half shyly and yet glad at heart, she looked about her. The tulips stood up more stiffly than ever, looking quite vexed; the peonies were sulky. Perhaps it was well that they could not speak, for surely the daisy

would have had a scolding. She could see that they were not in a good humor, and she felt very sad.

Just at this moment a little girl came into the garden carrying a great, sharp knife. She went to the tulips, and — snip! snip! — she cut them off one after another.

“Oh!” sighed the little daisy; “this is dreadful. Now it is all over with them.” The girl went away with the tulips, and the daisy did not see her again.

“I am glad that I am only a little field flower growing here in the grass,” she thought. When the sun went down she fell asleep and dreamed all night long about the kind sun and the pretty little lark.

Next morning when the daisy awoke, the lark was singing again, but this time its song was very sad. He had been caught and put into a cage beside an open window. He sang again of the happy days when he was free, and of the waving wheat fields, and of his soaring among the great white clouds.

The daisy longed to help him, but what could she do? She forgot all about the warm sun and the green grass and thought only of the poor captive bird.

Presently two little boys came out into the garden. One of them carried a knife, — the same one which the little girl had used to cut the tulips. They came straight to the daisy. What could they want?

"Here is a fine piece of turf for the lark," said one of the boys. He began at once to cut out a square patch of grass round the daisy, so that the flower remained standing in the center.

"Pull off the flower," said the second boy. The daisy trembled, for to be torn off meant death, and she wished very much to live and to go with the piece of turf into the lark's cage.

"No, let it stay," said the first boy; "it looks so pretty in the turf." And so the daisy stayed and was placed in the bird's cage. The poor bird was grieving for his lost nest, and was beating his wings against the wires of his prison. The little daisy could not speak; she could say no word of comfort to the lark, though she longed to do so. Thus the morning passed.

"I have no water," moaned the lark. "They have forgotten to give me food and drink. My throat is so dry. Oh, must I die here, and leave the warm sunshine, and the fresh green meadows, and the clear air, and all the beauty that God has made?"

He thrust his beak into the cool turf in search of refreshment, and his eye fell upon the daisy. He nodded to her and kissed her, saying, "Poor little flower! must you die too? They have given me this little patch of green grass in exchange for the whole world outside!

For every blade of grass I had a tree. Ah, little flower, you only remind me of what I have lost!"

"If I could only comfort him!" thought the daisy. She could not stir, even a leaf; but the scent which streamed forth from the little flower was far sweeter and stronger than is usual with daisies. The bird noticed this and was grateful; he had eaten every blade of grass in his pain, but he did not touch the daisy.

Evening came, and yet no one brought the poor bird a drop of water. He stretched out his pretty wings and his song changed to a mournful "Tweet, tweet"; at length his head sank toward the flower and his heart broke.

The daisy, too, drooped sorrowfully, for she could not sleep. Next morning the boys came. When they found the bird dead they wept bitterly. After a time they dug a little grave and buried the poor lark. While he was alive and sang they neglected him and allowed him to suffer; now that he was dead they wept over him and covered him with flowers.

But the turf with the daisy on it was thrown out into the road. No one thought of the flower that had felt most for the bird and had tried so hard to comfort him.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

surrounded

peonies

splendor

refreshment

mournful

neglected

DRIVING HOME THE COWS

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane ;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace ;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy ! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go ;
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the footpath damp.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom ;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
 That three were lying where two had lain;
 And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
 Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,
 He went for the cows when the work was done;
 But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
 He saw them coming one by one, —

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
 Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
 Cropping the buttercups out of the grass, —
 But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
 The empty sleeve of army blue,
 And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
 Looked out a face that the father knew.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
 For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb;
 And under the silent evening skies
 Together they followed the cattle home.

KATE P. OSGOOD

stealthily

tremulous

palsied



WASHINGTON'S ENTRY INTO NEW YORK CITY
From the colored print by P. S. Durat & Son

A GIRL'S DESCRIPTION OF WASHINGTON'S
ENTRY INTO NEW YORK CITY

NEW YORK CITY,
November 25, 1783.

My dear Cousin :

I stood to-day on the veranda of my uncle's home on Queen Street and saw General Washington and his army march into the city. It was a noble sight, and although we had waited hours for the first sound of the drums, when at last the people began to shout, "They are coming!" our hearts beat faster with emotion. Would that you had been here to share it with us!

How long, dear cousin, does it seem since that night when you came to say good-by! You were going with the drill company to Long Island, and I thought you looked so handsome in your soldier's uniform. I can see you now as I write, and yet seven years have passed since that night, and we have not seen you once in all that troublous time. Besides, dear cousin, we have heard from you but three times; but then that was not your fault. I scarce believe you would know me now, for I was little more than a child when you left, and now I am almost seventeen,—a young lady with all the airs and graces of a duchess, they tell me. I fear you will not agree with my friends.

However, this is not doing what you requested in the letter which your friend delivered last night. You wished to know all about the triumphal entry of the patriot army, — *your* army. Well, I shall try my best to tell the story.

The troops started in the morning from the Pass in Harlem, halting several times in their long march down to the city. We almost feared they would not come, when suddenly the people began to shout, and we could see the flags and the lines of horsemen turning into Queen Street. You know how narrow this street is. People say the Council will soon change its name. Perhaps they will plan to widen the street at the same time.

As the horsemen came near, the crowds shouted, "There he is!" All uncovered their heads as the great George Washington rode by. I knew him at once, though I had seen but one likeness, and that a poor colored print that one of our women had bought from a traveling peddler.

How easy and commanding he sat his horse, and how kind his expression, — the noblest looking man I have ever seen! I need not tell you, for you must have been near him often. By his side rode Governor Clinton.

General Knox rode at the head of the troops, and many officers — generals, I suppose — rode in the first line of horsemen. Then came the foot soldiers. They looked rather tired but very happy.

Their uniforms — such as wore real uniforms — were nearly all old and faded, except those of the guard of honor. The soldiers carried many flags besides the new flag of the United States, but some of these were torn, and nearly all seemed old. Would you believe that until this morning I had never seen the new flag of our country? How the people shouted and cheered the soldiers and their flags!

It took several hours for the troops to pass by. Uncle said that there were ten thousand of them, but they seemed even more to me. The head of the line stopped at Cape's Tavern in Wall Street. The other regiments turned off through different streets in the lower city.

I must tell you an amusing incident and then I finish. I wore a fine new dress to-day. It was made from a silk that uncle purchased before the war. In the morning I went to Mr. Reade's greenhouses and made a beautiful nosegay. At the proper time, as I thought, I threw it with all my strength towards General Washington, who at that moment was almost opposite our party. But my poor nosegay fell short and would have been trampled under the horses' hoofs, had not an officer quickly leaned forward and caught it. Then he turned toward our party and, raising the flowers to his lips, bowed to me.

I could not be angry, and bowed in return, though of course he could not presume that the flowers were meant

for him. My friends say he is a Major Randall. Do you know him?

And now, dear cousin, I have ended my long letter. I hope we shall see you ere long, though I fear father will leave the city very, very soon. But when you come to the city let us know at once. You must tell something of your story to

Your affectionate cousin,

MARY MARGARET AYMAR.

To Sergeant John Bowman,
of the Continental Army

veranda	emotion	triumphal
regiments	incident	affectionate

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great,
Where neither guilty glory glows
Nor despicable state?
Yes, one — the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the West,
Whom envy dared not hate —
Bequeathed the name of Washington,
To make men blush, there was but one!

LORD BYRON

A BLADE OF GRASS

Gather a single blade of grass and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow, sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems there, of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate, long lines meeting in a point, — not a perfect point either, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much-cared-for example of nature's workmanship; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibers of roots.

And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes and good for food, — stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine, — there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

JOHN RUSKIN

creditable
notable

gorgeous
flaccid

scented
citron

THE VIOLET

Why better than the lady rose
Love I this little flower?
Because its fragrant leaves are those
I loved in childhood's hour.

Though many a flower may win my praise,
The violet has my love;
I did not pass my childish days
In garden or in grove.

My garden was the window seat,
Upon whose edge was set
A little vase — the fair, the sweet —
It was the violet.

It was my pleasure and my pride; —
How I did watch its growth!
For health and bloom what plans I tried
And often injured both!

I placed it in the summer shower,
I placed it in the sun;
And ever at the evening hour,
My work seem'd half undone.

The broad leaves spread, the small buds grew —
How slow they seem'd to be!
At last there came a tinge of blue, —
'T was worth the world to me!

At length the perfume fill'd the room,
Shed from their purple wreath;
No flower has now so rich a bloom,
Has now so sweet a breath.

I gather'd two or three — they seem'd
Such rich gifts to bestow!
So precious in my sight, I deem'd
That all must think them so.

Ah! who is there but would be fain
To be a child once more;
If future years could bring again
All that they brought before?

My heart's world has been long o'erthrown;
It is no more of flowers;
Their bloom is pass'd, their breath is flown;
Yet I recall those hours.

Let nature spread her loveliest,
 By spring or summer nurst :
 Yet still I love the violet best,
 Because I loved it first.

LETITIA E. LANDON

perfume tinge loveliest

The Spring is come, the violet's gone,
 The first-born child of the early sun ;
 With us she is but a winter flower,
 The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower ;
 And she lifts up her dewy eye of blue,
 To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

LORD BYRON

I love all things the seasons bring,
 All buds that start, all birds that sing,
 All leaves, from white to jet ;
 All the sweet words that Summer sends,
 When she recalls her flowery friends,
 But chief — the Violet.

BARRY CORNWALL

HIAWATHA'S SAILING

“Give me of your bark, O Birch-tree!
Of your yellow bark, O Birch-tree!
Growing by the rushing river,
Tall and stately in the valley!
I a light canoe will build me,
Build a swift Cheemaun for sailing,
That shall float upon the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily!

“Lay aside your cloak, O Birch-tree!
Lay aside your white-skin wrapper,
For the Summer-time is coming,
And the sun is warm in heaven,
And you need no white-skin wrapper!”

Thus aloud cried Hiawatha
In the solitary forest,
By the rushing Taquamenaw,
When the birds were singing gayly,
In the Moon of Leaves were singing,
And the sun, from sleep awaking,
Started up and said, “Behold me!
Gheezis, the great Sun, behold me!”

And the tree with all its branches
Rustled in the breeze of morning,
Saying, with a sigh of patience,
"Take my cloak, O Hiawatha!"

With his knife the tree he girdled;
Just beneath its lowest branches,
Just above the roots, he cut it,
Till the sap came oozing outward;
Down the trunk, from top to bottom,
Sheer he cleft the bark asunder,
With a wooden wedge he raised it,
Stripped it from the trunk unbroken.

"Give me of your boughs, O Cedar!
Of your strong and pliant branches,
My canoe to make more steady,
Make more strong and firm beneath me!"

Through the summit of the Cedar
Went a sound, a cry of horror,
Went a murmur of resistance;
But it whispered, bending downward,
"Take my boughs, O Hiawatha!"

Down he hewed the boughs of cedar,
Shaped them straightway to a framework,
Like two bows he formed and shaped them,
Like two bended bows together.

“Give me of your roots, O Tamarack !
Of your fibrous roots, O Larch-tree !
My canoe to bind together,
So to bind the ends together
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !”

And the Larch, with all its fibers,
Shivered in the air of morning,
Touched his forehead with its tassels,
Said, with one long sigh of sorrow,
“Take them all, O Hiawatha !”

From the earth he tore the fibers,
Tore the tough roots of the Larch-tree,
Closely sewed the bark together,
Bound it closely to the framework.

“Give me of your balm, O Fir-tree !
Of your balsam and your resin,
So to close the seams together,
That the water may not enter,
That the river may not wet me !”

And the Fir-tree, tall and somber,
Sobbed through all its robes of darkness,
Rattled like a shore with pebbles,
Answered wailing, answered weeping,
“Take my balm, O Hiawatha !”

And he took the tears of balsam,
Took the resin of the Fir-tree,
Smeared therewith each seam and fissure,
Made each crevice safe from water.

“ Give me of your quills, O Hedgehog !
All your quills, O Kagh, the Hedgehog !
I will make a necklace of them,
Make a girdle for my beauty,
And two stars to deck her bosom ! ”

From a hollow tree the Hedgehog
With his sleepy eyes looked at him,
Shot his shining quills, like arrows,
Saying with a drowsy murmur,
Through the tangle of his whiskers,
“ Take my quills, O Hiawatha ! ”

From the ground the quills he gathered,
All the little shining arrows,
Stained ~~them~~ red and blue and yellow,
With the juice of roots and berries ;
Into his canoe he wrought them,
Round its waist a shining girdle,
Round its bows a gleaming necklace,
On its breast two stars resplendent.

Thus the Birch Canoe was builded
In the valley, by the river,

In the bosom of the forest ;
And the forest's life was in it,
All its mystery and its magic,
All the lightness of the birch-tree,
All the toughness of the cedar,
All the larch's supple sinews ;
And it floated on the river,
Like a yellow leaf in Autumn,
Like a yellow water-lily.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

fissure

crevice

sinews

balsam

resin

resistance



THE SHEPHERD GIRL OF NANTERRE

During the early history of France the country was overrun several times by hordes from the fierce nations of the East. These savage people came in countless numbers of horsemen and foot warriors, armed with their terrible battle-axes and their short, heavy pikes covered with hooks. The French could do nothing to withstand the power and the fury of their enemies.

It was during this state of affairs that a girl was born of well-to-do peasants in the village of Nanterre, within a few miles of Paris. Even at that time Paris was quite a prosperous city.

This child was named Genevieve. She grew up an industrious and loving daughter, and her days were passed in keeping her father's sheep or in spinning their wool as she sat beneath the trees. At her parents' death she went to live with her godmother, where she continued her simple habits of life. All the people who knew the maiden learned to love her for her charity and industry.

When Genevieve had reached the age of young womanhood a great army of the savage Huns swept over France. They were led by their chief, Attila, known as the Scourge of God. As they came near Paris the people of that city were filled with terror, and gathering their

possessions they made ready to flee from the city, leaving it to its fate.

When news of this reached Genevieve she hastened to the only bridge that led across the river from the city. Here she stood and begged the people not to abandon their homes. She urged them to go back and defend their city, saying that God would protect them if they would rely on Him.

At first the people were about to stone the young woman, but the sight of the maiden calm and brave in the face of their terror brought shame to their hearts, and they turned back. In a few days the hopes of Genevieve were realized. The Huns were met by a Roman army and utterly defeated, and Paris was saved.

A few years later another savage nation, called the Franks, invaded France and swept everything before them. At last they pitched their camp before the walls of Paris. The walls were strong, however, and the Franks could not take the city by force, so they resolved to starve out the defenders.

The people in the city could get no food from the outside and they began to despair. But the courage and the trust of Genevieve did not fail her even at this trying time. When she found that none of the defenders dared leave the city to get food for the women and children

who were dying about them, this brave maiden embarked alone in a little boat. Carefully she guided her craft down the stream and landed below the army of the Franks. She hastened to some of the other French cities and obtained aid and food for the people of Paris.

It is not certain whether the little boat containing Genevieve passed by the Franks without being seen, or whether she was permitted to pass unharmed. Perhaps the savage warriors looked upon the brave maiden as a sacred person and did not wish to harm her. We only know that she was not molested in her passage by their camp.

But the city could not hold out, and Paris was taken during the absence of Genevieve. The leader of the Franks, Hilperik by name, feared the brave woman more than all the warriors of France. He accordingly gave orders that the gates should be watched day and night so that she might not enter the city.

Genevieve soon learned that Paris had been taken and that the Franks intended to put its leading people to death. As Hilperik and his men needed food as much as the defenders had needed it, the peasants from the country round about were permitted to enter the city freely with provisions. The captors had no fear of any power in France equal to their own. Knowing this, Genevieve determined to enter the town. Dressed in the homely

gown of a peasant woman and wearing a veil, she succeeded in passing the guards at the city gates.

Once within the walls, she made her way directly to the old Roman palace where Hilperik and his men were enjoying a great feast. When Genevieve reached the great hall where they were, the scene was one to terrify the stoutest heart. These savage warriors were almost as fearful in their feasts and pleasures as they were in their wars. But the young woman, with a heart full of trust and pity, stood fearlessly before Hilperik and his chiefs.

What she said we do not know, but her words filled the hearts of these men with awe, and they granted mercy to her people. The lives of the prisoners were spared, and her loved city was saved from destruction. Is it any wonder that Paris has ever since held in veneration the pure and fearless peasant maiden, Genevieve?

Adapted from CHARLOTTE M. YONGE

prosperous
provisions

abandon
veneration

molested
possessions



A MAPLE-SUGAR CAMP



In March the people in Vermont, and in other states where the sugar maple is grown, begin to look for what they call the sugar snow. While the ground is still white and the river is filled with broken ice, just as the winter is ending and the earth is relaxing from its frosty thralldom, the soft snow that comes helps the flow of sap; hence it is called the sugar snow, and is welcomed with much gladness and many preparations. Sugar snow and

sugar time are among the most delightful experiences in the year to young people in the Green Mountains.

After the outbreak of the Civil War my father moved from a large town into Vermont, and I shall never forget the excitement which prevailed among us when he announced one day that work would then begin in the sugar place.

The first work in a sugar camp is to scatter the buckets. The farmer goes to each tree with his bit and bores one, two, or three holes through the bark. Into each hole he inserts a wooden or a galvanized-iron spout, through which the sap flows into the buckets suspended below it. Thirty years ago the buckets and spouts were all of wood, but they have been superseded by tin and galvanized iron, which are cleaner and more economical.

The work of tapping is not easy, as the snow is usually very deep when it is done. A large sugar place in Vermont, where a great amount of maple sugar is made, contains from one thousand to three thousand trees, and a place with less than three hundred trees is called a small one. If the weather is favorable, — that is, when the days are warm and the nights frosty, — the buckets attached to the trees first tapped are filled before the last ones have been bored, and their contents must be boiled at once. In a good season the flow is sometimes so

copious that the men have to work night and day to prevent loss.

The sap is gathered by a man or boy, who goes to the buckets and empties them into large pails suspended from a sap yoke which he wears on his shoulders.

When there is a hard crust over the snow to hold him up, this work in the bright morning, with the bluest of skies above, is not unpleasant; but when the orchard is large, and the snow deep and soft, and he has been toiling through the day and into the darkening night, attending to the steady drip, drip, drip in the overflowing buckets, he is apt to think that sugar time is not so jolly after all.

While the sap is being gathered the boiling must be kept up continuously. In the days of wooden spouts and buckets the sugar was made in a great iron caldron suspended by chains over a fire in the open air. As the fire burned and the caldron bubbled the winds made free contributions of dirt, twigs, sand, and smoke, which did not tend to improve the flavor of the sugar. Probably most of the sugar made in Vermont would hardly be marketable to-day if it were made in this way.

Now sugar houses are built containing brick or stone arches, with sheet-iron pans, or evaporators, in which the sugar is boiled. Being kept from contact with anything which is not strictly clean, it is purer and of finer grain

and lighter color than it used to be. When the sap has been boiled until nearly all the water has passed out of it in the steam, it is strained and then rapidly boiled until it grains or hardens or changes from sirup to sugar.

The work of sugaring off in the old caldron made a red-letter day for the children. Provided with a spoon and saucer, or a wooden paddle made especially for warm sugar, the boys and girls would set out for the sugar camp over snowdrifts much higher than their heads, and when the sugar was nearly done the fun began in good earnest.

Filling their saucers with the sugar, the children repaired to the nearest clean snow and spread the sugar over it to cool before they ate it. There was more merri-ment than at any candy pulling, and it sometimes happened that all the farmer's family were encamped in the woods to help in the work.

When I went to the old schoolhouse of our district I was proud to find in my geography that Vermont produced more maple sugar than any other state in the Union.

RUTH RUSS

From *Industries of To-Day* (Youth's Companion Series)

thralldom	superseded	copious
galvanized	economical	evaporators
caldron	contributions	experiences

ONE, TWO, THREE

It was an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy that was half past three;
And the way that they played together
Was beautiful to see.

She could n't go running and jumping,
And the boy, no more could he;
For he was a thin little fellow,
With a thin little twisted knee.

They sat in the yellow sunlight,
Out under the maple tree;
And the game that they played I'll tell you,
Just as it was told to me.

It was hide-and-go-seek they were playing,
Though you'd never have known it to be —
With an old, old, old, old lady,
And a boy with a twisted knee.

The boy would bend his face down
On his one little sound right knee,
And he'd guess where she was hiding,
In guesses One, Two, Three!

“ You are in the china closet ! ”

He would cry and laugh with glee —
It was n't the china closet ;
But he still had Two and Three.

“ You are up in Papa's big bedroom,
In the chest with the queer old key ! ”
And she said : “ You are warm and warmer ;
But you 're not quite right,” said she.

“ It can't be the little cupboard
Where Mamma's things used to be —
So it must be the clothespress, Gran'ma ! ”
And he found her with his Three.

Then she covered her face with her fingers,
That were wrinkled and white and wee,
And she guessed where the boy was hiding,
With a One and a Two and a Three.

And they never had stirred from their places,
Right under the maple tree —
This old, old, old, old lady,
And the boy with the lame little knee —
This dear, dear, dear, old lady,
And the boy who was half past three.

From “ The Poems of H. C. Bunner. ” Copyright by Chas. Scribner's Sons.

THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT PAINTER—I

BENJAMIN WEST

In the year 1738 there came into the world, in the town of Springfield, Pennsylvania, a Quaker infant, from whom his parents and neighbors looked for wonderful things.

A famous preacher of the Society of Friends had prophesied about little Ben, and foretold that he would be one of the most remarkable characters that had appeared on the earth since the days of William Penn. On this account the eyes of many people were fixed upon the boy.

Some of his ancestors had won great renown in the old wars of England and France; but it was probably expected that Ben would become a preacher, and would convert multitudes to the peaceful doctrines of the Quakers. Friend West and his wife were thought to be very fortunate in having such a son.

Little Ben lived to the ripe age of six years without doing anything that was worthy to be told in history. But one summer afternoon in his seventh year his mother put a fan into his hand and bade him keep the flies away from the face of a little babe, who lay fast asleep in the cradle. She then left the room.

The boy waved the fan to and fro, and drove away the buzzing flies whenever they had the impertinence to come near the baby's face.

When they had all flown out of the window or into distant parts of the room, he bent over the cradle and delighted himself with gazing at the sleeping infant. It was indeed a very pretty sight.

The little personage in the cradle slumbered peacefully, with its waxen hands under its chin, looking as full of blissful quiet as if angels were singing lullabies in its ear. Indeed, it must have been dreaming about heaven, for while Ben stooped over the cradle the little baby smiled.

"How beautiful she looks!" said Ben to himself. "What a pity it is that such a pretty smile should not last forever!"

Now Ben at this period of his life had never heard of that wonderful art by which a look that appears and vanishes in a moment may be made to last for hundreds of years. But though nobody had told him of such an art, he may be said to have invented it for himself. On a table near at hand there were pens and paper, and ink of two colors, black and red.

The boy seized a pen and a sheet of paper, and, kneeling down beside the cradle, began to draw a likeness of the infant. While he was busied in this manner he heard

his mother's step approaching, and hastily tried to conceal the paper.

"Benjamin, my son, what hast thou been doing?" inquired his mother, observing marks of confusion in his face.

At first Ben was unwilling to tell, for he felt as if there might be something wrong in stealing the baby's face and putting it upon a sheet of paper. However, as his mother insisted, he finally put the sketch into her hand, and then hung his head, expecting to be well scolded. But when the good lady saw what was on the paper, in lines of red and black ink, she uttered a scream of surprise and joy.

"Bless me!" cried she; "it is a picture of little Sally!"

And then she threw her arms round our friend Benjamin and kissed him so tenderly that he never afterwards was afraid to show his performances to his mother.

As Ben grew older he was observed to take vast delight in looking at the hues and forms of nature. For instance, he was greatly pleased with the blue violets of spring, the wild roses of summer, and the scarlet cardinal flowers of early autumn. In the decline of the year, when the woods were variegated with all the colors of the rainbow, Ben seemed to desire nothing better than to gaze at them from morn till night.



PORTRAIT OF BENJAMIN WEST BY HIMSELF

The purple and golden clouds of sunset were a joy to him, and he was continually endeavoring to draw the figures of trees, men, mountains, houses, cattle, geese, ducks, and turkeys with a piece of chalk on barn doors or on the floor.

prophesied	multitudes	doctrines
impertinence	variegated	scarlet

THE BOYHOOD OF A GREAT PAINTER—II

In these old times the Mohawk Indians were still numerous in Pennsylvania. Every year a party of them used to pay a visit to Springfield, because the wigwams of their ancestors had formerly stood there.

These wild men grew fond of little Ben, and made him very happy by giving him some of the red and yellow paint with which they were accustomed to adorn their faces. His mother, too, presented him with a piece of indigo.

Thus he now had three colors, — red, blue, and yellow, — and could manufacture green by mixing the yellow with the blue. Our friend Ben was overjoyed, and doubtless showed his gratitude to the Indians by taking their likenesses in the strange dresses which they wore, with feathers, tomahawks, and bows and arrows.

But all this time the young artist had no paint brushes, nor were there any to be bought, unless he had sent to Philadelphia on purpose. However, he was a very ingenious boy, and resolved to manufacture paint brushes for himself. With this design he laid upon — what do you think? — why, upon a respectable old black cat, who was sleeping quietly by the fireside.

“Puss,” said little Ben to the cat, “pray give me some of the fur from the tip of thy tail.”

Though he addressed the black cat so civilly, yet Ben was determined to have the fur, whether she were willing or not. Puss, who had no great zeal for the fine arts, would have resisted if she could, but the boy was armed with his mother’s scissors, and very dexterously clipped off fur enough to make a paint brush.

This was of so much use to him that he applied to Madam Puss again and again, until her warm coat of fur had become so thin and ragged that she could hardly keep comfortable through the winter.

Poor thing! she was forced to creep close into the chimney corner, and eyed Ben with a very rueful physiognomy. But Ben considered it more necessary that he should have paint brushes than that Puss should be warm.

About this period Friend West received a visit from Mr. Pennington, a merchant of Philadelphia, who was

likewise a member of the Society of Friends. The visitor, on entering the parlor, was surprised to see it ornamented with drawings of Indian chiefs and of birds with beautiful plumage and of the wild flowers of the forest. Nothing of the kind was ever seen before in the habitation of a Quaker farmer.

“Why, Friend West!” exclaimed the Philadelphia merchant; “what has possessed thee to cover thy walls with all these pictures? Where on earth didst thou get them?”

Then Friend West explained that all these pictures were painted by little Ben, with no better materials than red and yellow ochre and a piece of indigo, and with brushes made of the black cat’s fur.

“Verily,” said Mr. Pennington, “the boy hath a wonderful faculty. Some of our friends might look upon these matters as vanity; but little Benjamin appears to have been born a painter, and Providence is wiser than we are.”

The good merchant patted Ben on the head and evidently considered him a wonderful boy. When his parents saw how much their son’s performances were admired, they no doubt remembered the prophecy of the old Quaker preacher respecting Ben’s future eminence. Yet they could not understand how he was ever to become a very great and useful man merely by making pictures.

One evening, shortly after Mr. Pennington's return to Philadelphia, a package arrived at Springfield, directed to our little friend Ben.

"What can it possibly be?" thought Ben, when it was put into his hands. "Who can have sent me such a great square package as this?"

On taking off the thick brown paper which enveloped it, behold! there was a paint box and a great many cakes of paint and brushes of various sizes. It was the gift of good Mr. Pennington. There were likewise several squares of canvas, such as artists use for painting pictures upon, and, in addition to all these treasures, some beautiful engravings of landscapes. These were the first pictures that Ben had ever seen, except those of his own drawing.

What a joyful evening was this for the little artist! At bedtime he put the paint box under his pillow and got hardly a wink of sleep, for all night long his fancy was painting pictures in the darkness.

In the morning he hurried to the garret and was seen no more till the dinner hour; nor did he give himself time to eat more than a mouthful or two of food before he hurried back to the garret again. The next day and the next he was just as busy as ever, until at last his mother thought it time to ascertain what he was about. She accordingly followed him to the garret.

On opening the door the first object that presented itself to her eyes was our friend Benjamin giving the last touches to a beautiful picture. He had copied portions of two of the engravings and made one picture out of both, with such skill that it was far more beautiful than the originals. The grass, the trees, the water, the sky, and the houses were all painted in their proper colors. There, too, was the sunshine and the shadow, looking as natural as life.

“My dear child, thou hast done wonders!” cried his mother.

The good lady was in an ecstasy of delight. And well might she be proud of her boy; for there were touches in the picture which old artists, who had spent a lifetime in the business, need not have been ashamed of. Many a year afterwards this wonderful production was exhibited at the Royal Academy in London.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

manufacture

dexterously

originals

eminence

tomahawks

physiognomy

production

enveloped

ingenious

faculty

exhibited

ecstasy

A MOTHER'S LETTER

APRIL 15, 1858.

My dear Son :

Your letter was sent over from Roanoke early this morning, and after breakfast I read it to your father and sisters. It was, as usual, a real budget of news, and we are



beginning to know your college town and to look upon your college friends as old acquaintances.

How happy we are in the thought that you have kept your health through all the hard work of the past winter. To the Giver of all blessings a mother's thanks are offered for this great gift.

You write of the cold winds that blow across the Jersey hills in this second month of spring, and you wish that you were with us here in the sunny South. Would that you were, my boy ; but be patient just a little longer and then we shall have you with us for a long and happy summer.

The weather is so pleasant that I am writing this letter on the little porch you helped to build outside of my room last year. A warm sun is shining, and a light breeze brings

the scent of the pine woods. It is not the perfume of the magnolia, — nature is reserving that for your return in June.

The peach trees and the apple trees are in full blossom, and the mocking birds in their branches are singing sweet welcomes to spring. Your favorite blue jays are as noisy as ever, and one of them is chattering to me from the porch rail.

In the distance I can see the Tallapoosa where it passes out from the woods to flow by the cotton fields where our people are at work. I know you must often feel lonesome for this sight ; you must often long for the fields of corn and cotton in dear old Alabama.

Can you not see, in fancy, the pecan trees just bursting into bloom ? Can you not see the old smokehouse and the cornerrib, and the ginhouse shed with its scores of cotton bales ?

It may seem unkind to recall these scenes to my absent boy ; but I want him always to think with love and longing of his dear old home in the cotton fields.

There is little of real news to tell. You remember George Saunders who went away to West Point over six years ago ? You may recall how he taught you to sail a boat, and how he took you on your first coon hunt. He is a lieutenant in the army now, and is paying a visit to his cousins, the Nelsons, at their place.

They all drove over yesterday to call on us, and George — or as I should say, Lieutenant Saunders — looked very martial and handsome. He is in love with his soldier life and his regiment, but above all with his colonel, Robert E. Lee, one of the Lees of Virginia.

When George spoke of Colonel

Lee his face lit up with pleasure. He told us that all in the regiment, private and officer alike, are treated with kindness and justice by their gallant commander. Even the children from the barracks never pass Colonel Lee without receiving from



him a kind word or a smile. In fact, George said that his colonel stands for all that we love and honor in a man.

I write all this because I want my boy to be of that type of man. I wish with all a mother's love to see him grow up strong, and brave, and kind to all about him. This is the prayer of your father and sisters and your loving mother,

LOUISE KIRKLAND.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the one, the Blue ;
Under the other, the Gray.

These, in the robings of glory,
Those, in the gloom of defeat,
All, with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Under the laurel, the Blue ;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers
Alike for the friend and the foe ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;

Under the roses, the Blue ;
Under the lilies, the Gray.

So with an equal splendor
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
'Broidered with gold, the Blue ;
Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
The cooling drip of the rain ;
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the judgment day ;
Wet with the rain, the Blue ;
Wet with the rain, the Gray.

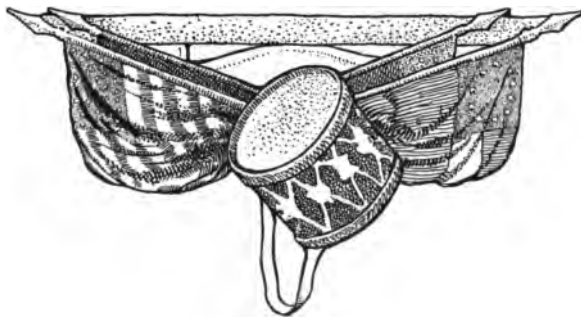
Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
The generous deed was done ;
In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won ;

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Under the blossoms, the Blue ;
 Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
 Or the winding rivers be red ;
 They banish our anger forever
 When they laurel the graves of our dead.
 Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the judgment day ;
 Love and tears for the Blue ;
 Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH

judgment	eternity	desolate
impartially	generous	laurel



EARTHQUAKES AND VOLCANOES



An earthquake, as one might suppose from the name, is a moving or trembling of the crust of the earth. The damage caused by this movement is sometimes very great, and often results in the loss of many lives and the destruction of whole cities or towns.

The eruption of volcanoes and the sliding or shifting of the great layers of rock that compose the crust of the earth are two common causes of earthquakes. There are many volcanoes on the earth's surface, but they are not always in active eruption. During the periods of rest the country near the volcano may not suffer from earthquake.

Perhaps you have already learned that the interior of the earth is supposed to be made up of burning rock and gases. The volcano affords an opening for the escape of this burning rock and gas. When the volcano becomes active these are thrown out with great force, and the melted rock pours down the mountain sides as lava. Most volcanoes have their openings on high mountains, and the burning lava, as it flows down the sides, destroys everything in its path.

During active eruptions of volcanoes the earth's surface is shaken by the forces within,—forces that are strong enough to throw great masses of rock hundreds of feet above the opening. These tremblings of the earth's surface, however, are often forgotten in the thought of the great losses caused by the burning lava and the masses of rock and ashes that are thrown out.

The most famous volcano in the world is Vesuvius, near the city of Naples, Italy. Over eighteen hundred years ago an eruption of this volcano caused the destruction of two cities,—Pompeii and Herculaneum. These cities were completely buried beneath the masses of ashes and stone thrown out by the volcano. Thousands lost their lives, and nothing remained on the surface to show where the cities had been. About one hundred and fifty years ago a man digging for a well came upon the roof

of one of the buried houses. This started the search, and gradually the ruins of the cities were unearthed.

In April, 1906, another violent eruption of Vesuvius occurred. Whole towns, with miles of farms and woodland, were destroyed, and many lives were lost. Such a great amount of ashes, cinders, and stone was thrown out that the roofs of buildings in Naples, miles away, were carried down by the weight that rested upon them.

In 1902 an eruption of a volcano in Martinique, one of the islands of the West Indies, caused great loss of life and property.

The second and most frequent cause of earthquakes is the sliding or shifting of the layers of rock that compose the earth's crust. Owing to the constant burning of rock and gases in the interior of the earth, its crust is always in slow motion. Thus the great layers are sometimes lifted or moved out of place. When these slide or shift their position the surface above is more or less shaken.

Usually the first shock does the great damage, but often for weeks afterwards the earth's surface keeps up a trembling. There have been many severe earthquakes in the history of the world. One of the worst was that which destroyed the city of Lisbon, Portugal, in 1755. Nearly forty thousand people lost their lives in the falling buildings, the great fires that followed, or in the sea

wave which swept over the city after the earthquake. This great wave was caused by the raising of the bottom of the sea so that the waters rose above the level of the city.

Among other earthquakes which have caused great loss was that which almost destroyed the city of Charleston, South Carolina, in 1886. This shock was felt all over our eastern coast, though of course not so violently as around the doomed city. The shock is most severe and the greatest damage results just above the place where the sliding occurs in the crust of the earth.

In 1906 two other severe earthquakes occurred. In April of that year San Francisco was violently shaken. Hundreds of buildings were either destroyed or seriously damaged by the shock. This was followed by destructive fires, which started from the upsetting of furnaces or the burning of escaping gas. As the great water mains were twisted or broken by the shock, the firemen could not get the water needed to put out the fires. Two thirds of the city was destroyed and hundreds of lives lost.

In August of the same year another and even more severe earthquake occurred in Chile, South America. The chief seaport, Valparaiso, was ruined and towns near by were totally destroyed. The capital city, Santiago, was also greatly damaged. Thousands of lives were lost,

and the damage in property amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. In January, 1907, the city of Kingston, Jamaica, in the West Indies, was visited by a severe earthquake which caused great loss of life and property.

These earthquakes at Lisbon, Charleston, San Francisco, Chile, and Kingston were caused by the sliding of great layers of rock in the earth's crust and not by the eruption of active volcanoes in the neighborhood.

volcanoes
seriously

interior
completely

violently
neighborhood



THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO—I

At nine o'clock on the night of April 17, 1906, Mr. Edward Newman and his son Charles entered the Hotel Cecil, one of the large hotels in San Francisco. After registering at the clerk's desk Mr. Newman and his son were shown to a room on the third floor, facing the street. For a half hour they sat at the open window, enjoying the night scene in the street below, and then they retired, for both were tired out after a long railroad journey. What followed shall be told in the words of Mr. Newman.

I was roused from a heavy slumber by a violent rocking of the bed. For a second I thought myself on board a vessel at sea, and reached out my hand towards my son. The next instant I was awakened fully by a loud crash in the room, which also awoke my boy with a start. Both of us tumbled out of bed, and my boy cried out: "What is it, father? What's the matter?"

I answered, "Oh nothing, Charles; don't be afraid!" though I did not know myself what to think of the shock. My first fear was that there had been an explosion of some kind, and I hastily tried to turn on the electric light in the room. It did not light, however, and I felt at once that some great disaster had occurred, though I was too excited at the time to think clearly.

The faint light of morning appeared outside, but I had to strike a match to see the face of my watch. It was eighteen minutes past five, and possibly a few minutes had already passed since the first shock had aroused me. By the light of the match I saw that the crash had been caused by the falling of a large china vase which had stood on the mantel the night before.

By this time there was great commotion made by guests calling and moving in the halls and rooms of the hotel. I looked out of the window and saw that numbers of people were in the street. Though the rocking had lasted but a minute I felt that we ought to leave the building as soon as possible. The truth had suddenly dawned upon me, — this must be an earthquake.

My boy stood at the window, but beyond his first cry he did not seem alarmed, and I could not help thinking at the time that he was a brave little man, for he was only ten years of age. Many times in the following days of suffering and danger I had further reason for admiring his nerve and courage.

Dressing myself as quickly as I could, I helped Charles to dress, and we left the room. I carried our small traveling bag, for our trunk had not yet been delivered at the hotel. We never saw that trunk again. When we got into the hall we found a number already there, all hurrying



FLEEING FROM THE RUINED CITY

towards the stairway. We followed these down to the main hall and out into the street.

The scene that met our eyes was certainly startling. The street was quite crowded, and in the morning light I saw that many people were only half dressed. A few were returning to the hotel for some of their belongings, but the greater part of the crowd was moving towards the higher ground of California Street.

We joined this crowd, for I did not dare to enter the building again until I felt sure that the danger had passed. As we moved along we saw that great damage had been done, and every one now knew that there had been an earthquake. The walls of many buildings had fallen, the windows in most of the houses were broken, and people about us were calling out to beware of the electric wires. These were hanging down from the poles, but had we known it, there was little danger from this source. There was no electric current in them, for the shock had seriously damaged the power stations.

It was now bright daylight. As we reached the higher part of California Street we could see great volumes of smoke rising over the lower parts of the city. The word passed through the crowd that the city was on fire in several places, especially in the business section around Market Street.

The scene about us was indeed a curious one. Very few of the men, women, or children in the crowd were fully dressed. Many were calling out to friends, and some, especially children, were crying. All seemed to be carrying bags or bundles of some sort. Here and there a man helped by children was dragging along a trunk, while handcarts loaded with various articles were being pulled through the crowded street. Occasionally we saw wagons drawn by horses and loaded down with all sorts of household goods.

Our journey was slow, owing to the crowds and obstructions in the street, and it was fully an hour before we reached a small square or park not a mile from our hotel. Here the crowd was dense. On all sides there was talk of the fires raging in the lower parts of the city. We rested for some time. If anything, I was more tired than my boy, for he did not complain. Several times he asked whether we ought not to return to the hotel.

The air was close until about ten o'clock, when a wind arose which carried towards us the smoke and ashes from the fires. We heard that the firemen could do nothing against the flames because the great water mains had been twisted or broken by the earthquake. And now soldiers appeared to keep order, though the people about were behaving quietly.

About half past ten I asked Charles if he was ready to go on. He answered that he could walk for miles without feeling tired, but that he was hungry and thirsty. We left the park and turned down a side street which contained stores. In one of these we bought several loaves of bread and a can of peaches. We also obtained some drinking water.

After our meal we joined the moving crowd again, and we saw at once that the confusion had grown. The main streets were filled with people carrying articles and bundles of all kinds; and carts loaded with goods, many of them drawn by men and boys, helped to block the way. In some of the carts were women and children, many of whom looked sick, and all tired and worried.

Soldiers were now directing the crowds, and here and there we saw a policeman or a fireman. The order was good, though there were many rough people about us. Here and there we met groups of Chinese carrying the most curious-looking objects.

It was my first visit to San Francisco and I did not know just where we were going. I wanted to reach one of the ferries that led out of the city, but when I asked about the direction I should take for these ferries, I was told that the city along the river front was in flames.

registering

explosion

electric

current

source

direction

THE EARTHQUAKE AT SAN FRANCISCO — II

That night we reached another park on rather high ground. Here we camped for the night, but I could not sleep, though Charles slept with his head on my lap for a pillow. A bright, red glare lit up the sky over the lower part of the city, with great clouds of smoke rolling above it. People about us pointed out where well-known buildings were burning.

Towards morning I, too, fell asleep, and we were awakened by a soldier, who told us that we must move on, as the fires were coming nearer. We joined the crowds, and after what seemed hours of walking we found ourselves in a long, wide street. The houses here were all fine residences, and I was told that this was Van Ness Avenue, where most of the rich people of the city had their homes.

We were again hungry and thirsty, for we had finished our bread and peaches on the preceding night. While resting for a time on the stoop of one of the houses, the door was opened, and a lady joined us. She stood for a minute looking at the crowd in the street, and then spoke to us about the fires. I told her what I knew, and asked if she could direct us to some place where we might obtain food and drink.

At once she kindly asked us into the house, where she served us with food and coffee in plenty, and never had a meal been more acceptable. The house was one of the finest in this quarter. The father and two daughters, girls of about fourteen and sixteen, joined us while we were eating, and heard our story. Several times we were interrupted by the loud booms of explosions. We had heard these booms often during the night and morning, but they had seemed then to come from a distance.

We all knew what they meant. The soldiers and firemen were blowing up houses that stood in the path of the flames, in the hope of checking the fires. The loud booms showed how near the fire was now, and the family about us were saddened by the thought that their home also might soon be swept away by the flames.

We remained here about an hour and then left to continue our journey, after thanking all sincerely for their kindness. Later on that house was blown up with many others on the same block, and we learned that the fires were checked at last along this avenue.

By three o'clock in the afternoon we reached a large park known as Golden Gate Park, where we found thousands camping out. We remained here for the next few days. Soldiers were everywhere about us keeping order. The sky that night was even more grand and terrible

than on the previous nights. The whole city seemed to be on fire, and people all about us were mourning for their lost homes and property.

Again my boy slept during most of the night, for he was completely worn out by this time. With morning came the good news that the fires had been stopped in their dread march. Food was dealt out to the people in the park by the soldiers and their helpers, though many of the weak and sick in the crowd got little or nothing.

During the next two days the fires still raged in the burned districts and we made no attempt to leave the park. At night we slept on the bare ground under a roofing of boards we had helped others to place in position.

On the fourth day of our camping out I joined a party who claimed to know the way to one of the ferries that would take us out of the city. Several slight shocks had been felt since the first great quake, and many felt that the city was doomed.

Our journey was indeed slow. We walked for hours through streets where the fires had been, past smoking ruins, or houses that had been badly damaged by the earthquake. At last we reached the ferry to Oakland. After a long wait we were able to crowd on a boat and soon had left San Francisco behind us. Once in Oakland

I was able to get lodgings for the night, and the next day we started on our long trip east.

Hard as our lot had been, we had lost only what clothes and other belongings we had in our trunk, and, after all, our sufferings had lasted but a few days. We were so thankful to God that we had escaped any personal injury, and we felt so sorry for those we had left behind, that we did not worry about our own losses.

The city of San Francisco, though it had suffered much from the earthquake, met the greatest loss from the fire that followed. The whole business part of the city was swept by the flames, and miles of dwelling houses were destroyed. Most of its great public buildings, schools, theaters, churches, and libraries were in ruins or badly damaged. The loss amounted to hundreds of millions of dollars. Hundreds of lives were lost, and it will be some years before the city will rise again from its ashes. This was the greatest loss ever suffered by any city of our country.

residences

theaters

sincerely



LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on !

Keep Thou my feet ! I do not ask to see

The distant scene ; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead Thou me on !

I loved the garish day ; and spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN

THE MILKWEED BUTTERFLY

If we wish to know something about butterflies, it is well to begin with the life history of one of the common species. Let us select for our study the milkweed butterfly,—sometimes called the Monarch,—one of the best known butterflies in the United States.

This insect passes through the winter in the perfect or butterfly state. In the spring the females hasten to deposit their eggs on the tender leaves of the milkweed. The egg is the first stage in the life of the butterfly.

The eggs hatch in four or five days, and the butterfly enters upon its second stage of life as a caterpillar. In about two days the caterpillar makes its first molt; its skin has grown too tight and must be shed. Three similar molts follow before the caterpillar is fully grown, which may be in eleven days from the egg.

The caterpillar now leaves its food plant and seeks some other plant, or the under side of a fence rail, or a jutting rock from which to suspend. Here it changes into a chrysalis, which is the third stage of the butterfly's life. It hangs as a chrysalis from seven to fifteen days, when the butterfly again makes its appearance.

This growth from egg to butterfly in the case of the Monarch is accomplished in four weeks, more or less.

Very few butterflies pass through the winter in the butterfly state; some winter as caterpillars, some as chrysalides, and a few in the egg state.

The eggs of butterflies are exceedingly pretty, varying in color and form. Brown, blue, green, red, white, and yellow eggs are found. Some are shaped like a sphere, some like a hemisphere, and others are shaped like a cone or a cylinder.

The surfaces of the eggs are variously ornamented. We find smooth surfaces, ribbed surfaces, and surfaces covered with minute depressions; still other surfaces are covered with minute elevations. The eggs are deposited singly, in small clusters, or in a mass. The egg state is the most perilous period of a butterfly's life, and fortunately also the shortest of the four stages.

In the second stage the insect is known as a caterpillar. The caterpillar is voracious and destructive. It increases in size very rapidly, and as its skin does not expand in proportion, it soon becomes tight. Then the caterpillar molts,—that is, the skin splits and the caterpillar crawls out of it.

The sole business of the caterpillar is to eat, rest, grow, and avoid being seen. The caterpillar breathes through openings in the sides of its body. It has three pairs of legs for locomotion and four pairs which support the long body.

The third stage is known as the chrysalid state. When a caterpillar is ready to change into a chrysalis it spins a little tuft or button of silk to the under side of a leaf, branch, or stone; into this it fastens its hind legs, and thus it hangs downward with the body curved. In this position it remains about twenty-four hours, when a great change is wrought, — the coat is thrown off and the chrysalis developed.

It now hangs apparently quiet and to all appearances in a profound sleep. But appearances are often deceptive. A wonderful change is going on, — the grandest transformation of all.

When last we saw the insect it was a crawling caterpillar with a rapacious appetite. Its eyes were small and simple in structure, its legs were small, and its feet hooked or clawed; moreover it was furnished with powerful jaws.

Now it hangs there apparently dormant, but in reality busily engaged. Fifteen days pass and a beautiful insect comes forth. The voracious caterpillar head has been thrown off; the wonderful jaws that did so much damage to the vegetable world have disappeared; the clawed feet are now delicate appendages, and the biting mouth of the caterpillar has been transformed into the sucking mouth of the butterfly.

The small legs have been made longer, the simple eyes have been transformed into compound eyes, and the external organs and wings have been produced during the apparent rest.

We have now a harmless and beautiful creature whose brief life is chiefly spent in sipping honey.

GUSTAVE STRAUBENMÜLLER

appendages

rapacious

chrysalis

voracious

cylinder

apparently



I'D BE A BUTTERFLY

I'd be a butterfly born in a bower,
Where roses and lilies and violets meet ;
Roving for ever from flower to flower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.
I'd never languish for wealth or for power,
I'd never sigh to see slaves at my feet ;
I'd be a butterfly, born in a bower,
Kissing all buds that are pretty and sweet.

Oh ! could I pilfer the wand of a fairy,
I'd have a pair of those beautiful wings,
Their summer day's ramble is sportive and airy,
They sleep in a rose when the nightingale sings.
Those who have wealth must be watchful and wary,
Power, alas ! naught but misery brings ;
I'd be a butterfly, sportive and airy,
Rock'd in a rose when the nightingale sings.

What though you tell me each gay little rover
Shrinks from the breath of the first autumn day,
Surely 't is better, when summer is over,
To die when all fair things are fading away.

Some in life's winter may toil to discover
 Means of procuring a weary delay :
 I'd be a butterfly, living a rover,
 Dying when fair things are fading away.

THOMAS HAYNES BAYLY

languish

sportive

procuring

I've watched you now a full half-hour,
 Self-poised upon that yellow flower !
 And, little butterfly ! indeed,
 I know not if you sleep or feed.
 How motionless ! — Not frozen seas
 More motionless ; and then,
 What joy awaits you, when the breeze
 Hath found you out among the trees,
 And calls you forth again !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH



THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF PAUL JONES — I

On the morning of September 23, 1779, a small fleet of four war vessels was seen cruising off the east coast of England. There was nothing about the ships to show what nation they represented. For several weeks the fleets of England and the men in the coast forts had been on the watch for this very squadron, yet here it was within a few miles of the land. This was the squadron of John Paul Jones, the most famous sailor in the history of the American Navy.



The English coast guards had been completely deceived as to the nationality of these ships. On one occasion a message was received from an official on shore, begging a supply of powder and shot for the defense of the towns against the attacks of Paul Jones and his men.

The largest vessel of the four was the *Bonhomme Richard*, under the command of Captain Jones. The others

were the *Pallas*, the *Alliance*, and the *Vengeance*. This last-named ship left the squadron as the day wore on, and did not take part in the sea fight we are going to describe. These ships had just finished a cruise around the whole coast of England. Never before or since in the history of the world has there been a more daring venture at sea.

In those days England had the most powerful navy in the world. On the other hand, the infant nation of the thirteen colonies, now fighting for independence, had very few war vessels. Despite this, Paul Jones had sailed his little squadron right into the midst of greatest peril, and during the cruise he had captured nearly twenty English ships with their cargoes and crews.

On this September morning the lookout at the masthead of the *Bonhomme Richard* espied a large brig sailing round a point of land in the distance. This ship was followed by others until forty-two ships flying the English flag had appeared in sight. At once many of the officers on the American ships urged flight, but Paul Jones would not listen to this. He carefully examined the fleet of English ships and found that it consisted of merchant vessels with two large men-of-war for protection. He then gave orders to sail towards the fleet, in order to capture some of the prizes. At the same time he prepared his decks for battle.

His own *Bonhomme Richard* contained a crew of about three hundred men, with only one lieutenant, Richard Dale, to assist him in command. In the hold of the vessel there were some two hundred English prisoners, taken from ships captured during the cruise. One of his squadron, the *Alliance*, under command of a French captain, either through the fear or the treachery of the commander, sailed away. Thus but two ships were left with Paul Jones.

Nothing daunted, the daring captain determined to attack the larger one of the English men-of-war, which proved to be the *Serapis*. The *Pallas* was sent against the second English man-of-war. The merchant vessels of the English fleet immediately made for the coast only a few miles away. As evening settled down, Paul Jones sailed close to the *Serapis*.

"What ship is that?" called out the English captain. No answer came from the *Bonhomme Richard*. Again came the question, followed by an ominous silence.

Then from both ships came two blinding sheets of flame. Forty guns had sent their deadly message across the narrow space of water between the vessels. Thus began the desperate struggle. At the very first fire several of the large guns of the *Bonhomme Richard* burst, bringing death or injury to all about them. The ships

drifted nearer to each other. From every gun was sent the deadly shot, while crowds of sailors up aloft fired at each other with musket and pistol.

Night had fallen on the waters, and the moon had risen, sending down its silvery light on the fighting ships. The Americans had suffered most in the beginning of the fight. At the end of an hour the English captain called out, "Do you surrender?" Paul Jones's answer came back loud and clear, "I have not yet begun to fight."

squadron

lieutenant

ominous

THE FAMOUS VICTORY OF PAUL JONES — II

At last the two ships had sailed so near to each other that their rigging touched. Instantly, at the orders of Paul Jones, the vessels were lashed together. In this way, side by side, for two hours longer they fought. The English crew and their officers showed courage and loyalty equal to the courage and loyalty of the Americans.

The side of the *Bonhomme Richard* next to the *Serapis* had been torn open by the shot. To make matters worse, the *Alliance*, which had deserted before the engagement, returned in the hottest part of the fight. Sailing up close to the *Bonhomme Richard*, she poured a broadside into her sister ship.

At once Paul Jones called out to the captain that he was firing on his friends. The *Alliance* answered with another broadside and then sailed away.

By this act of treachery the battle was almost lost. The *Bonhomme Richard* began to fill with water, and the English prisoners in the hold were set free. Some of these were immediately put at the pumps to save the vessel from sinking. Others were sent to put out the fires that had started in different parts of the ship. Though they were obeying the commands of an enemy, the prisoners worked with a will, for they saw that in this way only could they save themselves.

And now victory seemed almost certain for the *Serapis*. Once while Paul Jones and Lieutenant Dale were down in the hold examining the harm that had been done, some of their men tried to surrender the ship. But Captain Jones came on deck in time to stop this, and, rushing among his men, urged them on.

At this time the *Serapis* caught fire in several places. Her crew had suffered terrible losses, and at half past ten o'clock her captain hauled down the English flag.

Instantly men from the *Bonhomme Richard*, led by Lieutenant Dale, boarded the English ship. The victory had been won, but at what a cost! The scene on both ships was a dreadful one. On all sides lay the wounded

or slain, and the decks and rigging showed the terrible results of the battle.

Every effort was now put forth to save both ships from destruction by fire. Nothing, however, could save the *Bonhomme Richard*, and all her crew with their prisoners were taken on board the *Serapis*. The two vessels were then cut adrift, and about ten o'clock on the following morning the *Bonhomme Richard* went down. Thus ended the victor in one of the most desperate sea fights in the world's history.

In the meantime the other English man-of-war had been captured by the *Pallas* after a hard fight. As for the captain of the *Alliance*, whose treachery had nearly caused the loss of the *Bonhomme Richard*, he received the punishment he merited. As he was a captain in the service of France, at that time the friend of the United States, he was tried by his own people. The sentence was dismissal from the French navy and banishment from his native land.

To the victor, Paul Jones, every honor was paid by the United States, and his name will live in glory as long as our flag floats over an American ship.

loyalty

dismissal

surrender

OLD IRONSIDES



Ay, tear her tattered ensign down !
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky ;

Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar ;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee ;
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea !

O, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave ;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave ;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale !

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

meteor

threadbare

ensign

THE VENETIAN GONDOLA

The gondola is the carriage of Venice, and a delightful one it is. The conductor is out of sight, behind, like the driver of the London hansom cab, and nothing obstructs the occupant's view except the graceful steel prow, waving slightly to and fro as if it were a living animal dragging the vehicle.

A finely outlined, handsomely ornamented, flat-bottomed boat is the gondola. It rests lightly upon the water, and is propelled and guided as easily as an Indian's birch-bark canoe. It draws so little water that it can pass through the shallowest canals at low tide.

When the Adriatic overflows the grand square of St. Mark's, as it does sometimes during the spring tides, the gondola glides up to the cafés and takes on board those who object to wading home along the quays.

But the gondola belongs to the luxury of Venice, as the private carriages and hacks do to our American cities. It is for pleasure and accommodation, not for business.

Even when bringing strangers from the railroad stations and the foreign steamers, the heavy luggage is left to be transported by the *barca*, a more common flat-bottomed boat used for merchandise.



THE GRAND CANAL AT VENICE

Those who have never visited Venice have a vague idea that to get from one end of the city to another, one is always obliged to go by boat. This is not so. Unless one wishes to visit the neighboring islands, he can gain any part on foot, although he may have to pass through many narrow streets and climb up and down innumerable steps over bridges.

Comparatively few of the inhabitants ever go in boats. Only people of the class who in our cities keep carriages possess a gondola. The middle-class natives seldom hire a gondola, and would as soon think of taking one to go a short distance as, in a mainland city, a poor man would of taking a cab.

When a native must take a conveyance for the railroad station, there are the omnibus boats, and lately the steam-boats, to supply the place of our electric cars.

Here in Venice, where all traffic is done by boats, there are large barges instead of trucks, and numerous small ones, instead of handcarts and wheelbarrows, for the butcher, baker, and candlestick maker. These small boats are of all shapes and sizes, but the usual form is a large, light, graceful skiff called a *sandolo*, easily propelled by one oar.

I have heard a *sandolo* called the "donkey cart of Venice." That well describes this small boat and its many

uses; but the sandolo, or "gondoleta," often rises to the dignity of a pony carriage when it is more carefully constructed of handsome wood. Then the single seat is cushioned comfortably, and the vessel is propelled by an amateur boatman.

I use the word propelled, as I am undecided whether I should say rowed, sculled, or paddled; for the gondola and the sandolo are alike propelled by a single oarsman with a single oar.

He does not paddle, for he uses a rowlock, and he does not scull, for the oar is not placed in the stern. The gondolier stands in the stern on a little raised platform and plies his oar on the right side. He uses a high rowlock called *forchetta* (fork). It is not unlike a fork much battered and twisted.

He faces the prow, gives a long, vigorous push, and throws the force of not only his arms but his whole body into the stroke. Then he drags the oar slightly in the water before the next stroke, and by so doing, in some way all his own, keeps the boat straight.

The peculiar stroke gives a slight sidewise movement to the boat which is not unpleasant. There is no thumping of the rowlock, and the slight swish of the oar seems to whisper enjoyment as it is dragged through the water.

It is difficult to catch the trick of using an oar in the Venetian fashion, and very easy for the novice to lose his balance ; but a stranger is not recognized as a Venetian until he has fallen overboard, and I am sure few have played at being a gondolier without getting a complete ducking.

For centuries the gondoliers were a power in Venice, and a close corporation, limited in number, into which it was not easy to obtain admission ; but a steamboat company broke their power.

Although they joined in a strike, they could not fight against the modern invention. They still ply up and down the Grand Canal and are boisterous around the ferries ; but their days are numbered, for the modern dragon — the steamboat — has come, and it will slowly but surely make the gondolier a picturesque object of the past.

HENRY BACON in Youth's Companion Series

By permission of Ginn & Company

occupant	vehicle	quays
accommodation	merchandise	comparatively
amateur	corporation	picturesque

NIAGARA FALLS

Of all the sights on this earth of ours which tourists travel to see — at least of all those which I have seen — I am inclined to give the palm to the Falls of Niagara. I know no other one thing so beautiful, so glorious, so powerful.

I came across an artist at Niagara who was attempting to draw the spray of the waters.

“You have a difficult subject,” said I.

“All subjects are difficult,” he replied, “to a man who desires to do well.”

“But yours, I fear, is impossible,” I said.

“You have no right to say so till I have finished my picture,” he replied. I acknowledged the justice of his rebuke, and regretted that I could not remain till the work was completed. As I passed on I began to reflect whether I did not intend to try a task as difficult in describing the falls.

I will not say that it is as difficult to describe aright that rush of waters as it is to paint it well, but I doubt whether it is not quite as difficult to write a description that shall interest the reader as it is to paint a picture that shall be pleasant to the beholder.

That the waters of Lake Erie have come down in their courses from the broad basins of Lake Michigan, Lake

Superior, and Lake Huron, that these waters fall into Lake Ontario by the short and rapid river of Niagara, and that the Falls of Niagara are caused by a sudden break in the level of this rapid river, — these facts are probably known by every one.

All the waters of these huge, northern, inland seas run over that breach in the rocky bottom of the stream, and thence it comes that the flow is unceasing in its grandeur, and that no one can perceive a difference in the weight, or sound, or violence of the fall, whether it be visited in the drought of autumn, amidst the storms of winter, or after the melting of the upper worlds of ice in the days of the early summer.

The habitual tourist visits many a cataract at which the waters fail him. At Niagara the waters never fail. They thunder over the ledge in a volume that never ceases and is never diminished — as it has done for ages, and as it will do till time shall cease.

The falls are made, as I have said, by a sudden breach in the level of the river. All cataracts are caused by such breaches, I presume, but usually the waters do not fall precipitously as they do at Niagara.

For more than a mile above the falls the waters leap and burst over the rapids as though conscious of the destiny that awaits them. Here the river is very broad



THE FALLS AT NIAGARA

and comparatively shallow, but from shore to shore it frets itself into little torrents and begins to assume the majesty of its power.

The waters, though so broken in their descent, are deliciously green. This color, seen in the early morning or just as the sun has set, gives to the place one of its greatest charms.

Goat Island divides the river immediately above the falls. Indeed, the island is a part of that precipitously broken ledge over which the river tumbles. At the upper end of the island the waters are divided, and, coming down in two courses, each over its own rapids, form two separate falls. The bridge by which the island is reached is a hundred yards or more above the lesser fall.

We will go at once to the glory and the thunder and the majesty and the wrath of the larger fall. Advancing beyond the path leading down to the lesser fall, we come to that point of the island at which the waters of the main river begin to descend. From hence, across to the Canadian side, the cataract continues in one unabated line; but the line is very far from being direct or straight.

After stretching for some little way from the shore the line of the ledge bends inwards against the floods—in, and in, and in, till one is led to think that the depth of that horseshoe is immeasurable.

Go down to the end of the little wooden bridge, seat yourself on the rail, and there sit till all the outer world is lost to you. There is no grander spot about Niagara than this. The waters are absolutely around you. If you have that power of eye,—control,—which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of scenery, you will see nothing but the water.

You will certainly hear nothing else; the sound is not an ear-cracking, agonizing crash and clang of noises, but is melodious and soft withal, though loud as thunder. It fills your ears, and, as it were, envelops them; but at the same time you can speak to your neighbor without an effort.

There is no grander spot than this. Here, seated on the rail of the bridge, you will not see the whole depth of the fall. In looking at the grandest works of nature and of art too, I fancy it is never well to see all. There should be something left to the imagination, and much should be half concealed in mystery.

It is glorious to watch the waters in their first curve over the rocks. They come green as a bank of emeralds, but with a fitful, flying color, as though conscious that in a moment they would be dashed into spray and rise into air, pale as driven snow.

The vapor rises high into the air and is gathered there, visible always as a permanent white cloud over the cataract; but the bulk of the spray which fills the lower

hollow of that horseshoe is like a tumult of snow. This you will not see fully from your seat on the rail. The head of it rises ever and anon out of the caldron below, but the caldron itself is invisible. It is ever so far down,—as far as your imagination can sink it.

But your eyes will rest full upon the curve of the waters. The shape at which you will be looking is that of a horseshoe, but of a horseshoe miraculously deep from toe to heel; and this depth becomes greater as you sit there. That which at first was only great and beautiful becomes gigantic and sublime, until the mind is at a loss to find an epithet to describe what it sees.

To realize Niagara you must sit there till you see nothing else but that which you have come to see. You will hear nothing else and think of nothing else. At length you will be one with the tumbling river before you.

The cool green liquid will run through your veins, and the voice of the cataract will be the expression of your own heart. You will fall as the bright waters fall, rushing down into your new world with no hesitation and with no dismay; and you will rise again as the spray rises,—bright, beautiful, and pure.

Abridged from *North America* by ANTHONY TROLLOPE

tourists

grandeur

precipitously

cataracts

majesty

miraculously

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky
Their giant branches tossed ;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came ;
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame ;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear ; —
They shook the depths of the desert gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea ;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free !

The ocean eagle soared
 From his nest by the white waves' foam ;
 And the rocking pines of the forest roared —
 This was their welcome home !

There were men with hoary hair
 Amidst that pilgrim band ; —
 Why had *they* come to wither there,
 Away from their childhood's land ?

There was woman's fearless eye,
 Lit by her deep love's truth ;
 There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
 And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar ?
 Bright jewels of the mine ?
 The wealth of seas, the spoils of war ? —
 They sought a faith's pure shrine !

Ay, call it holy ground,
 The soil where first they trod ;
 They have left unstained what there they found —
 Freedom to worship God.

FELICIA D. HEMANS.

aisles

exiles

anthem

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK—I

Once upon a time, in the long, long ago, a caravan was making its way slowly across the Arabian Desert. The vast plain stretched out on all sides ; there was nothing to be seen but the blue of the sky above and the glistening white sand below.

Suddenly a single horseman was seen approaching the caravan. He rode an Arabian steed whose trappings were of the finest. The rider himself commanded one's attention ; the embroidered turban covering his head, his rich cloak, and the jeweled sword by his side betokened him to be at least a man of wealth.

A lone rider was a very uncommon sight in the desert where men were compelled to travel in numbers for mutual protection. As the rider approached he was suddenly confronted by the drawn swords of several outriders belonging to the caravan.

"Why do you meet me in this way?" inquired the stranger. "Surely you do not fear an attack from me ; I am but one, and you are many."

The leader of the caravan guard stepped forward and inquired what the stranger wanted ; in response, the man requested to be brought before the owner of the caravan, as he wished to ask a favor.

"Our caravan belongs to a company of five merchants traveling from Mecca to their home. I cannot take you to those gentlemen at present. Pray ride with us until we halt at noon, and then your desire shall be fulfilled."

The stranger signified his readiness to wait, and the party traveled slowly on.

At noon a halt was made, tents were hastily set up, and the horses and camels were set free to rest. The stranger was conducted to the largest of the tents, where he found the merchants preparing for their midday meal. Four of them were past middle life — grave, serious men; the fifth was evidently a much younger man, and from appearances full of life and spirits.

"Who comes here?" asked this man as the stranger drew near.

"I am Selim Baruch of Bagdad," replied the stranger, bowing as he spoke. "On my way to Mecca I was overtaken by thieves, who not only robbed me but also made me a prisoner. Three days since I succeeded in making my escape. I have wandered about until this morning, when I was fortunate enough to hear the tinkle of your bells, and I made haste to join your party. Pray permit me to travel to Bagdad under your escort. I shall not forget your courtesy. I am the nephew of the Grand Vizier."

The eldest of the merchants replied: "Selim Baruch, we welcome you to our midst. We shall be pleased to have you accompany us on our journey. And now pray join us in our meal."

Selim Baruch bowed again, and thanked the merchants for their hospitality. At the close of the meal the servants silently removed the dishes and brought in pipes. The merchants and their guest smoked in silence for some time. Then suddenly the youngest among them said somewhat impatiently: "How quiet we are! For several days now we have journeyed on almost in silence. I long for entertainment of some kind. Can any of you suggest a means whereby we may be amused?"

After a pause, Selim Baruch said: "With your permission, gentlemen, I will make a suggestion. Each time we halt, let one of us tell a story to while away the time and to amuse the others of the party."

"That is a good thought," exclaimed Achmet, the oldest of the merchants. "Let us act upon it at once."

"I am pleased to think that my suggestion has met with your approval," said Selim Baruch. "As the idea came from me, I will agree to tell the first story."

The merchants drew close together, while Selim sat in their midst. The servants refilled the pipes and brought fresh coals to light them.

Selim sat in silence for a few moments, seemingly buried in thought. Then, looking up at his hearers, he said, "I will tell you the story of Caliph Stork."

signified

entertainment

approval

caravan

embroidered

hospitality

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — II

One fine afternoon Caliph Chasid of Bagdad sat upon his comfortable divan, smoking in quiet enjoyment. From time to time he sipped the excellent coffee which a servant had brought him, and after each sip he stroked his long beard with an air of great contentment. In short, any one could see that the Caliph was in very good humor. To tell the truth, this was the best time of day in which to approach him, for after his good dinner he was sure to be at peace with all the world; and for this very reason the Grand Vizier Mansor always chose this hour in which to pay his daily visit.

He arrived as usual this afternoon, but, contrary to his custom, he appeared grave and anxious. The Caliph withdrew his pipe from his lips for a moment and asked: "Why do you look so anxious to-day, friend Mansor? Has anything occurred to trouble you? I have never seen you look so grave."



"No, sire," replied Mansor. "I did not know that I appeared to be serious. I was thinking, that is all. Down below in the court of the palace I met a peddler with beautiful wares for sale. I confess that I felt somewhat annoyed at having so little money to spare at present."

The Caliph, who was a kind-hearted man above all things, sent a servant to bring the peddler before him at once. The servant soon returned, followed by the peddler, a short man of dark complexion, and very meanly dressed. He carried a chest containing all manner of wares, — jewelry, richly mounted pistols, goblets, combs, and other articles of more or less value.

The Caliph and the Vizier examined everything, and finally the Caliph chose pistols for himself and Mansor, and a beautifully jeweled comb for the Vizier's wife. Just as the peddler was preparing to leave, the Caliph noticed a small drawer which had hitherto escaped attention.

"What does that drawer contain?" he inquired. The peddler opened the drawer and disclosed a box containing a dark-colored powder and a scroll written in strange characters which neither the Caliph nor Mansor could read.

"Some time ago I obtained these from a merchant who claimed that he had picked them up in the streets of Mecca," said the peddler. "I do not know what the box

contains, and I cannot read the scroll; they are of no use to me, so I will let you have them for a trifle."

The Caliph was anxious to secure the bit of writing as a keepsake, even though he could not read it, so he purchased the scroll and the box, and dismissed the peddler. Then, being curious to learn the contents of the scroll, he asked the Vizier if he knew of any one who could read and interpret it.

"Near the great mosque lives a man called Selim the Wise; he is said to know every language under the sun. Send for him; perhaps he may be able to interpret the strange characters."

On Selim's arrival, Chasid said: "Selim, I hear that you are a very learned man. Study this scroll and tell me whether you can read it for me. If you can, I will reward you. If you are unable to tell me its meaning, you have been falsely called the Wise."

Selim bowed and said, after looking closely at the scroll, "Sire, this inscription is written in Latin."

"Can you interpret it?"

"Yes, sire, I can. It reads: 'Thou who readest this, praise Allah for his mercy. This powder possesses magic power. He who inhales its fragrance, and says "Mutabor," will find himself transformed into any animal whose form he desires to assume; he will also find himself able to

understand the language of all animals. When he desires to return to human form, let him face the east, bow three times, and say again the word "Mutabor."

"One warning, — the person must not laugh while wearing the shape of beast or bird, else he will forget the magic word, and be forced to retain the form of an animal."

The Caliph was delighted with his purchase. He bound Selim to secrecy concerning the whole affair, gave him the promised reward, and dismissed him. Then turning to Mansor he said: "I think I have made a good bargain. To-morrow morning I shall expect you early. Let us go out into the country where we can make a trial of this magic powder."

contrary
mosque

complexion
language

bargain
interpret

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — III

Next morning the Caliph had barely finished his breakfast when the Grand Vizier appeared. They set out together to wander through the palace gardens. After a little time the Caliph dismissed their attendants, saying that he and Mansor desired to be alone. As soon as the attendants were out of sight, however, the two friends slipped

through the hedge into a field. They looked about them, but could see nothing which would tempt them to make a trial of the powder.

Finally the Vizier suggested going farther on to a little pond where he had often seen a number of storks, whose odd appearance and constant chatter had attracted his attention.

The Caliph consented, and they went on in search of the pond. As soon as they reached it they noticed a lone stork strutting gravely up and down, hunting frogs for its breakfast. Presently they spied another stork flying toward the same spot.

"Perhaps these two will chat together. Would n't you like to hear them? Let us become storks for a time," suggested the Grand Vizier.

"A capital idea," replied the Caliph; "but wait just a moment, friend Mansor,—turn to the east, bow three times, and say 'Mutabor.' Then I shall be Caliph again, and you my Grand Vizier. Remember not to laugh, or we shall be lost."

While the Caliph was speaking, the second stork had alighted and joined the other bird on the edge of the pond. Chasid drew the box of magic powder from his girdle, inhaled its fragrance, and cried "Mutabor"; in a trice Mansor had followed his example.

Instantly their legs grew thin and red, their slippers became clumsy stork's feet, their arms became wings, their necks lengthened, their beards disappeared, and their bodies were covered with feathers. In a word, they were transformed into storks!

They stood for some time regarding each other in astonishment. Then the Caliph spoke: "What a fine long bill you have, Sir Vizier! By the beard of the prophet, I have never seen anything to equal it."

"Thank you kindly," replied Mansor, as he bent his long neck; "if you will pardon my liberty in saying so, your highness is handsomer as a stork than as Caliph."

"Let us approach these comrades and listen to their chatter. I am anxious to learn if we can really understand them," said Chasid.

The two newly made storks drew nearer to the pond, and to their utter amazement they heard the following conversation.

"Good morning, Mr. Redbill. You are an early riser."

"Yes, indeed, Dame Longlegs. I am enjoying a delicious breakfast. May I offer you a frog?"

"Thank you very much for your kindness, dear friend; I fear I have but little appetite this morning. I am to dance before my father's guests to-day, and I have come hither for a little quiet practice."

With these words, the young lady stork began to move about gracefully and daintily, to the great delight of Mr. Redbill. The Caliph and Mansor looked on in surprise for some time, and then, completely overcome by the humor of the situation, broke into a prolonged burst of laughter, and it was some time before they recovered their composure.

The Caliph was the first to speak. "That was the best thing I have ever seen," he said. "It is too bad, however, that we frightened them away by our laughter."

Suddenly the Vizier remembered the warning not to laugh during their transformation. He spoke to the Caliph at once and told his fears.

"You are right," said Chasid. "How stupid of us to forget it! What a terrible plight we shall be in if we are unable to reassume our own forms! — What was that word, Mansor? It has slipped my memory entirely."

"Turn to the east, bow three times, and say 'Mu— mu— mu—' I can go no farther, sire. What shall we do?"

They turned to the east and bowed till their bills touched the ground; but alas! the magic word had escaped them, and the unhappy Caliph and his Vizier were forced to retain the form and appearance of storks.

practice

conversation

situation

composure

transformation

reassume

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — IV

The two enchanted birds wandered sadly on through the fields, wondering what to do next. They had no power to rid themselves of their new forms; it was useless to return to Bagdad and tell who they were, for who would believe their story? And even if they were believed, would the people consent to be ruled by a stork?

Several days passed; the poor birds supported themselves on wild berries and other fruits, which, however, they found some difficulty in eating with their long bills. Their sole comfort during this unhappy time was their ability to fly. Accordingly, they often flew over the roofs of Bagdad to note what was going on there.

During the first days of their absence they noticed much unrest among the people. Every one asked: "Where is the Caliph? Where is the Grand Vizier? What has become of them?" At length the people mourned for Chasid and his friend, supposing them to be dead.

A few days later this sorrow was turned to joy. Seated on the palace roof, the enchanted storks saw a splendid procession passing along on the street below. Drums and trumpets sounded, and the people shouted for joy, hailing Chasid's successor with cries of "Hail, Mizra, Caliph of Bagdad!"

The two storks on the palace roof looked at each other in silence for a moment, and then Chasid said: "I know now why I have been enchanted, Mansor. Mizra is the son of the magician Kaschnur, my bitterest enemy. Long ago Kaschnur vowed vengeance on me and mine. I will not despair, however. Let us journey to Medina, where, at the grave of the prophet, we may learn how to undo the wizard's evil work."

With these words they arose from the palace roof, and started toward Medina.

They found the journey very tiresome, for they were not accustomed to long flights. One evening, at Mansor's request, they alighted near an old building in which they had resolved to seek shelter for the night.

Entering the house they wandered through the rooms and halls in search of a comfortable resting place. Suddenly Mansor stood still and whispered: "Sire, we are not alone here. I am sure I hear some one crying." Chasid stood still, and listening attentively, he heard a low weeping sound which seemed to proceed from some person in distress.

The Caliph was about to rush toward the room whence the sound came, when Mansor begged him not to expose himself to fresh difficulties. "Let us go together," he said, and they proceeded down the hall. Finally they

reached a door standing partly ajar, and through this the sound of weeping came. Chasid pushed the door open, and was astounded by the sight that met his eyes. On the floor of the room sat a large owl, weeping bitterly. As soon as it saw the Caliph and Mansor it uttered a glad cry.

“You are most welcome, friendly storks,” it said in Arabic. “I cannot tell you how glad I am to see you. Long ago it was prophesied to me that one day a stork would deliver me from great misfortune. Have you come in fulfillment of that prophecy?”

The two storks were astonished at the owl’s speech. As soon as Chasid recovered from his surprise, he bowed and said: “Alas! friend owl, I fear we are but companions in misfortune. Gladly would we help you if we could. You will realize our helplessness when you have heard our story.”

The owl begged him to relate it, and Chasid, after some hesitation, told her what we already know of the unfortunate transformation from Caliph and Grand Vizier into storks.

enchanted
fulfillment

vengeance
astounded

realize
mourned

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK—V

When the Caliph had finished his story the owl thanked him gracefully, and said: "I will now tell you my tale, and you will see that I am as unfortunate as you are. My father is the king of India. I am his only daughter, Lusa. The wizard Kaschnur has been the cause of my misfortunes also. One day he came to court and demanded my hand in marriage for his son Mizra. My father refused. Kaschnur had his revenge, for by means of a magic drink he transformed me into an ugly owl, as you see. To complete my misery, he said, 'Thus shall you remain, shunned by man, beast, and bird, until some one asks your hand in marriage, ugly as you are.'

"Many months have passed away. No one knows what I have suffered; even the beauties of nature are denied me, for I am blind by day, and it is only when the moon sheds her pale light that I can see."

The owl paused and once more broke out into bitter weeping.

Chasid was deeply moved by the tale of the princess. "Our misfortunes have many points in common," he said. "If I am not greatly mistaken there is some close connection between them. What can we do to solve the riddle?"

"A long time ago a wise old woman foretold that one day a stork would bring me great happiness," said the princess after a time. "Perhaps that prophecy is about to be fulfilled. I think I can tell you how we might help each other."

"What do you mean?" asked the Caliph in surprise.

"Kaschnur comes here from time to time to meet his brother wizards. Not far from this room is a large hall where they meet and talk over their plans. I have often watched them. They tell each other all they have done; perhaps they will speak the magic word which you have forgotten."

"My dear Princess," exclaimed the Caliph, "do tell us when they will come, and where is the hall?"

The owl princess was silent for a moment and then said, "Do not think me unkind, sire, but I will disclose my secret only on one condition."

"What is it? Only speak, Princess, and I will do whatever you may ask," replied the Caliph.

"I am anxious to be freed from the evil spell which binds me," she answered, "but this can only be brought about if one of you offers his hand in marriage."

The storks were rather taken back by this suggestion, and they withdrew for consultation. After some discussion it was decided that the Caliph should marry the

princess. The owl was overjoyed when the decision was made known to her.

“I cannot express my gratitude in words,” she said. “Kaschnur and his friends will be here to-night. I will conduct you to the room where they usually meet.”

They passed through the long, dark passages till they reached a spot where there was a great gap in the wall. The owl advised them to be very quiet. Through the gap they looked into a large, light hall, where Kaschnur and his friends were seated about a table. Caliph Chasid recognized him at once as the peddler from whom he had purchased the magic powder. After a time, Kaschnur told the story of the Caliph and his Grand Vizier, to the great amusement of his guests.

“And what was the magic word you gave them?” inquired another old magician.

“A Latin word, — ‘Mutabor,’” — replied Kaschnur.

wizard

condition

consultation

THE STORY OF CALIPH STORK — VI

As soon as the Caliph and Mansor heard the word they were almost beside themselves with joy. They ran to the door of the house at such a pace that the owl could scarcely keep up with them. The storks at once proceeded

to put the magic word to the test. They turned toward the east, bowed their long necks three times, and cried "Mutabor!" In an instant Caliph Stork and his friend were once more transformed into Caliph Chasid and his Grand Vizier, Mansor. In their excitement over the change they forgot all about the owl princess. Who shall describe their astonishment when at last they turned and saw before them a most beautiful princess, richly dressed?

Smilingly she advanced toward the Caliph and, extending her hand, asked, "Do you recognize the ugly owl?"



The Caliph declared ever afterward that being transformed into a stork was the greatest piece of fortune that had ever fallen to his lot. The three started immediately for Bagdad. Fortunately the Caliph found his purse, and with its contents he purchased everything needful for the journey.

Their arrival in Bagdad caused great consternation at first, but the people were delighted to see their beloved Caliph again. Their anger against Mizra knew no bounds. Kaschnur and his son were made prisoners at once. After a time, Mizra was transformed into a stork by means of the magic powder which the Caliph had retained.

Chasid and the princess were married in great state. It is needless to say that they lived long and happily together.

The Caliph and Mansor spent many a pleasant afternoon talking over their adventures as storks. When the Caliph was in particularly good humor he would rise stiffly and stalk gravely about the room, chattering all the time; then he would face the east, bow again and again, and say "Mu — mu — mu —" until both he and Mansor were overcome with laughter.

Translated from the German of WILHELM HAUFF

consternation

excitement

recognize

THE OWL CRITIC

“Who stuffed that white owl?” No one spoke in the
shop;

The barber was busy, and he could n’t stop ;
The customers, waiting their turns, were all reading
The *Daily*, the *Herald*, the *Post*, little heeding
The young man who blurted out such a blunt question ;
Not one raised a head, or made a suggestion ;
And the barber kept on shaving.

“Don’t you see, Mister Brown,”
Cried the youth with a frown,
“How wrong the whole thing is,
How preposterous each wing is,
How flattened the head is, how jammed down the neck
is —

In short, the whole owl, what an ignorant wreck ’t is !
I make no apology ;
I’ve learned owl-eology,
I’ve passed days and nights in a hundred collections,
And cannot be blinded to any deflections
Arising from unskillful fingers that fail
To stuff a bird right, from his beak to his tail.
Mister Brown ! Mister Brown !

Do take that bird down,
 Or you'll soon be the laughing-stock all over town!"
 And the barber kept on shaving.

"I've studied owls,
 And other night fowls,
 And I tell you what I know to be true;
 An owl cannot roost
 With his limbs so unloosed;
 No owl in this world
 Ever had his claws curled,
 Ever had his legs slanted,
 Ever had his bill canted,
 Ever had his neck screwed
 Into that attitude.
 He can't do it, because
 'Tis against all bird laws.
 Anatomy teaches,
 Ornithology preaches,
 An owl has a toe
 That can't turn out so!
 I've made the white owl my study for years,
 And to see such a job almost moves me to tears!
 Mister Brown, I'm amazed
 You should be so gone crazed

As to put up a bird
 In that posture absurd !
 To look at that owl really brings on a dizziness ;
 The man who stuffed him don't half know his business ! ”
 And the barber kept on shaving.

“ Examine those eyes.
 I'm filled with surprise
 Taxidermists should pass
 Off on you such poor glass ;
 So unnatural they seem
 They 'd make Audubon scream,
 And John Burroughs laugh
 To encounter such chaff.
 Do take that bird down ;
 Have him stuffed again, Brown ! ”
 And the barber kept on shaving.

“ With some sawdust and bark
 I could stuff in the dark
 An owl better than that.
 I could make an old hat
 Look more like an owl
 Than that horrid fowl,
 Stuck up there so stiff like a side of coarse leather.
 In fact, about him there's not one natural feather.”

Just then, with a wink, and a sly, normal lurch,
 The owl, very gravely, got down from his perch,
 Walked round, and regarded his fault-finding critic
 (Who thought he was stuffed) with a glance analytic,
 And then fairly hooted as if he would say :
 “ Your learning ’s at fault this time, anyway ;
 Don’t waste it again on a live bird, I pray.
 I ’m an owl ; you ’re another. Sir Critic, good day ! ”
 And the barber kept on shaving.

JAMES T. FIELDS

preposterous	ornithology	anatomy
taxidermist	analytic	attitude

Oh for a book and a shady nook,
 Either in-a-door or out ;
 With the green leaves whispering overhead,
 Or the street cries all about ;
 Where I may read all at my ease,
 Both of the new and old ;
 For a jolly good book whereon to look
 Is better to me than gold.

Old English Song

JOHN RIDD'S EXPERIENCE

The following selection is adapted from *Lorna Doone*, by Richard D. Blackmore, an English writer of note.

The hero of the story is John Ridd, a lad whose father had met his death at the hands of a band of highwaymen by the name of Doone. Years later John Ridd rescued Lorna Doone, the queen of the band, by means of his courage and daring.

Blackmore's stories abound in careful description of English landscapes, and many of his characters are brave and fearless.

In this selection we learn what befell John Ridd on a trip in search of loaches for his mother.

I. JOHN RIDD

Almost everybody knows, in our part of the world at least, how pleasant and soft the fall of the land is round about Plover's Barrows Farm. All above it is strong, dark mountain, spread with heath and desolate, but near our house the valleys cove and offer warmth and shelter.

Here are trees and bright green grass and orchards full of contentment, and a man may scarce espy the brook, although he hears it everywhere. And, indeed, a stout good piece of it comes through our farmyard and swells,

sometimes, to a rush of waves when the clouds are on the hilltops. But all below, where the valley bends and the Lynn stream goes along with it, pretty meadows slope their breast and the sun spreads on the water. Nearly all this is ours till you come to Nicholas Snow's land.

But about two miles below our farm the Bagworthy water runs into the Lynn and makes a real river of it. Thence it hurries away, with strength and a force of willful waters, under the foot of a barefaced hill, and so to rocks and woods again, where the stream is covered over and dark, heavy pools delay it.

My mother had long been ailing and not well able to eat much. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches ; and mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to me, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell ; at any rate I now resolved to get some loaches for her, just to make her eat a bit.

I set forth without a word to any one, in the forenoon of St. Valentine's Day, 1675. I can never forget that day, and how bitter cold the water was. I doffed my shoes and hose and put them into a bag about my neck and left my little coat at home.

When I had traveled two miles or so (conquered now and then with cold), I found a good stream flowing softly into the body of our brook. The water was bitter cold, and my little toes were aching. So I drew up on the bank and rubbed them well with a sprout of young stinging-nettle, and, having skipped about awhile, was inclined to eat a bit. As I ate, my spirits arose within me; so I put the bag round my neck again and buckled my breeches far up from the knee, expecting deeper water, and, crossing the Lynn, went stoutly up under the branches which hung so dark on the Bagworthy River.

The day was falling fast behind the brown of the hill-tops, and the trees, being void of leaf and hard, seemed giants ready to beat me. And every moment, as the sky was clearing up for a white frost, the cold of the water got worse and worse, until I was fit to cry with it. And so, in a sorry plight, I came to an opening in the bushes, where a great black pool lay in front of me, whitened with snow (as I thought) at the sides, till I saw it was only foam froth.

I shuddered, and drew back, — not at the pool itself, but at the whirling manner and wisping of white threads upon it in circles, round and round; and the center, black as jet. Skirting round on one side, with very little comfort, for the rocks were high and steep, I came to a sudden

sight and marvel such as I never dreamed of. For, lo! I stood at the foot of a long pale slide of water, coming without a break for a hundred yards or more, and fenced on either side with cliff, sheer and straight and shining. The water neither ran nor fell nor leaped, but made one even slope of it.

I said to myself: "John Ridd, these trees and pools and lonesome rocks and setting of the sunlight are making a grewsome coward of thee. Shall I go back to my mother so, and be called her fearless boy?" That which saved me from turning back was a strange desire to know what made the water come down like that, and what there was at the top of it.

Not stopping to look much for fear, I crawled along over the fork of rocks where the water had scooped the stone out, and shunning the ledge from whence it rose like the mane of a white horse into the broad black pool, softly I let my feet slip into the dip and rush of the torrent.

Here I had reckoned without my host, for the green wave came down like great bottles upon me, and my legs were gone from under me in a moment. But before I knew aught, except that I must die with a roar of water upon me, my fork, praise God, stuck fast in the rock and I was borne up upon it. The dash of water upon my face revived me, and my mind grew used to the roar of it.

I won a footing at last, leaning well forward, and balancing on my strength, as it were, with the ashen stake set behind me. Then I said to myself, "John Ridd, the sooner you get yourself out by the way you came, the better it will be for you."

But to my great dismay I saw that no choice was left me now except that I must climb somehow up that hill of water, or else be washed down into the pool and whirl around it until it drowned me; for there was no chance of going back by the way I had come down into it.

I grasped the good stick and began my course up the fearful torrent way. The water was only six inches deep, or from that to nine at the utmost, and all the way up I could see my feet looking white in the gleam of the hollow; and here and there I found resting place to hold on by the cliff and pant awhile.

How I went carefully, step by step, keeping my arms in front of me, and never daring to straighten my knees, is more than I can tell clearly. The greatest danger of all was just where I saw no jeopardy, but ran up a patch of black ooze weed in a very boastful manner, being now not far from the summit.

Here I fell and was like to have broken my kneecap, but my elbow caught in a hole in the rock and so I managed to start again. Now, being in the most dreadful



fright because I was so near the top, and hope was beating within me, I labored hard with both legs and arms going like a windmill.

At last the rush of water drove me into the middle. Then I made up my mind to die at last ; only it did seem such a pity, after fighting so long, to give in. The light was coming upon me and again I fought toward it, when suddenly I felt fresh air and fell into it headlong.

landscape

grewsome

jeopardy

II. LORNA DOONE

When I came to myself again my hands were full of young grass and mold, and a little girl kneeling at my side was rubbing my forehead tenderly with a dock leaf and a handkerchief.

“Oh, I am so glad!” she whispered softly, as I opened my eyes and looked at her ; “now you will try to be better, won’t you?”

I had never heard so sweet a sound as came from between her bright red lips while there she knelt and gazed at me ; neither had I ever seen anything so beautiful as the large dark eyes intent upon me, full of pity and wonder. I wandered with my hazy eyes down the black shower of her hair ; and where it fell on the turf, among

it, like an early star, was the first primrose of the season. And since that day I think of her, through all the rough storms of my life, whenever I see an early primrose.

"What is your name?" she said, as if she had every right to ask me; "and how did you come here? Oh, how your feet are bleeding! I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow if we choose. Here are my shoes and stockings."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet. Oh, please let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied; "but how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please my name is Lorna Doone, and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me, but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name alone made guilt of her. Nevertheless, I could not help looking at her, and at last her blushes turned to tears and her tears to long, low sobs.

"Don't cry," I said, "whatever you do. I will give you all my fish, Lorna, and catch some more for my mother; only don't be angry with me."

Here was I, a yeoman's boy, a yeoman every inch of me; and there was she, a lady born, and thoroughly aware of it, and dressed by people of rank and taste, who took pride in her beauty and set it off to advantage.

Though her hair had fallen down and some of her frock was touched with wet; behold, her dress was pretty enough for the queen of all the angels! All from her waist to her neck was white, plaited in close like a curtain, and the dark, soft weeping of her hair and the shadowy light of her eyes made it seem yet whiter.

Seeing how I heeded her, she turned to the stream in a bashful manner and began to watch the water.

I, for my part, being vexed at her behavior to me, took up all my things and made a fuss about it, to let her know I was going. But she did not call me back at all, as I had made sure she would do; moreover, I knew that to try the descent was almost certain death to me, so at the mouth I turned round again and came back to her, and said, "Lorna."

"Oh, I thought you were gone," she answered; "why did you ever come here? Do you know what the robbers would do to us if they found you here with me?"

"Beat us, I dare say, very hard, — or me at least. They could never beat you."

"No. They would kill us both outright and bury us here by the water."

"Why should they kill me?"

"Because you have found the way up here, and they never could believe it. Now please to go; oh, please to go!"

"I never saw any one like you, Lorna, and I must come back again to-morrow, and so must you. I will bring you such lots of things — there are apples still — and I caught a thrush — and — only put your hand in mine — what little things they are, Lorna, — I will bring you the loveliest dog; I will show you just how long he is."

"Hush!"

A shout came down the valley, and all my heart was trembling like water after sunset, and Lorna's face was full of terror. She looked up at me with such a power of weakness that I at once made up my mind to save her or to die with her. The little girl took courage from me however, and put her cheek quite close to mine.

"Come with me down the waterfall. I can carry you easily, and mother will take care of you."

"No, no!" she cried, as I took her up; "I will tell you what to do. You see that hole, that hole there?" She pointed to a little niche in the rock which verged

the meadow about fifty yards away from us. In the fading twilight I could just descry it.

"Yes, I see it; but they will see me crossing the grass to get there."

"Look! look!" She could hardly speak. "There is a way out from the top of it; they would kill me if I told of it. Oh, here they come; I can see them."

The little maid turned white as the snow which hung on the rocks above her, and she looked at the water and then at me, and cried, "Oh, dear! oh, dear!" She began to sob aloud, but I drew her behind the withy bushes and close down to the water. Here they could not see either of us from the upper valley, and might have sought a long time for us.

Crouching in that hollow nest I saw a dozen fierce men come down on the other side of the water, not bearing any firearms but looking lax and jovial as if they were come from riding.

"Queen! Queen!" they were shouting here and there, and now and then. "Where is our little queen gone?"

"They always call me 'queen,' and I am to be queen by and by," Lorna whispered. "Oh, they are crossing by the timber there, and then they are sure to see us."

"Stop," said I; "now I see what to do. I must get into the water, and you must go to sleep."

"To be sure, yes, away in the meadow there; but how bitter cold it will be for you!"

She saw in a moment the way to do it sooner than I could tell her; and there was no time to lose.

"Now mind you, never come again," she whispered over her shoulder as she crept away; "only I shall come sometimes."

I crept into the water and lay down with my head between two blocks of stone. The dusk was deepening between the hills, and a white mist lay on the river. I could see every ripple and twig and glazing of twilight above it as bright as in a picture, so that, to my ignorance, there seemed no chance at all but that the men must find me.

For all this time they were shouting so that all the rocks round the valley rang, and my heart quaked within me.

I was desperate between fear and wretchedness till I caught a glimpse of the little maid, and then I knew that for her sake I was bound to be brave and hide myself. She was lying beneath a rock, thirty or forty rods from me, feigning to be fast asleep.

Presently one of the great rough men came round a corner upon her, and there he stopped and gazed awhile at her fairness and innocence. Then he caught her up in his arms and kissed her.

"Here our queen is! Here's the queen; here's the captain's daughter!" he shouted to his comrades; "fast asleep! Now I have first claim to her, and no one else shall touch the child. Back, all of you!"

He set her dainty little form upon his great square shoulder, and her narrow feet in one broad hand; and so in triumph marched away, with the purple velvet of her skirt ruffling in his long black beard, and the silken length of her hair fetched out, like a cloud by the wind behind her.

Going up that darkened glen little Lorna turned and put up a hand to me, and I put up a hand to her in the thick of the mist and the willows.

She was gone, my little dear, and when I got over my fright I longed to have more to say to her. Her voice was so different from all I had ever heard before, as might be a sweet silver bell, intoned to the small chords of a harp.

I crept into a bush for warmth, and rubbed my shivering legs. Then, as daylight sank beneath the forget-me-not of stars, I knew that now must be my time to get away, and I managed to crawl from the bank to the niche in the cliff which Lorna had shown me. Through the dusk I had trouble to see the mouth at even five yards of distance; nevertheless, I entered well, and held on

by some dead fern stems, and did hope that no one would shoot me.

But my joy was like to have ended in grief; for, hearing a noise in front of me, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides; the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over a night of water.

Suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, toward spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice, — for she could call any robin, — and gathering comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the cold, greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of blackness.

I can assure you that I scrambled back to the mouth of the pit as if some one had been after me.

Sorely I repented of my boyish folly in venturing into that valley. I began to search with the utmost care and diligence; before long the moon appeared over the edge of the mountain. Then I espied rough steps, and rocky, — as if made with a sledge hammer, — narrow and steep, scooped here and there in the side of the entrance. Higher up, where the light of the moon shone broader, there seemed to be a rude track.

How I climbed up, and crossed the clearing, and found my way home across the Bagworthy forest, is more than I can remember now, for I took all the rest of it as a dream, by reason of utter weariness.

When I got home, all the supper was in, and the men sitting at the white table; mother and Annie and Lizzie were near by, all eager to begin—except, indeed, my mother, who was looking out of the doorway. I looked through the door from the dark by the wood stack, and was half of a mind to stay out for fear of the rating and reckoning; but the way my dear mother was looking out got the better of me. However, nobody could get out of me where I had been all day and evening, though they worried me ever so much. I held my tongue and ate my supper and let them try their taunts; and, indeed, I could have told them many things, as I hinted once or twice.

Abridged from *Lorna Doone*

yeoman

niche

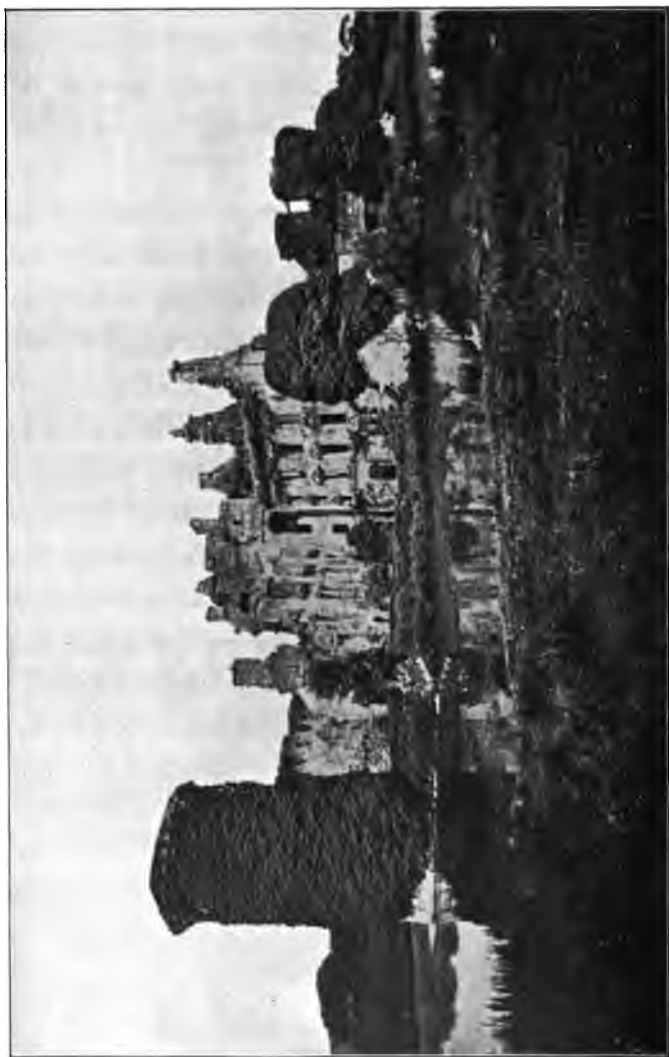
feigning

ignorance

jovial

thoroughly





"THE SPLENDOR FALLS ON CASTLE WALLS"

THE BUGLE SONG

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow ; set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

ALFRED TENNYSON

FLOWERLESS PLANTS—I

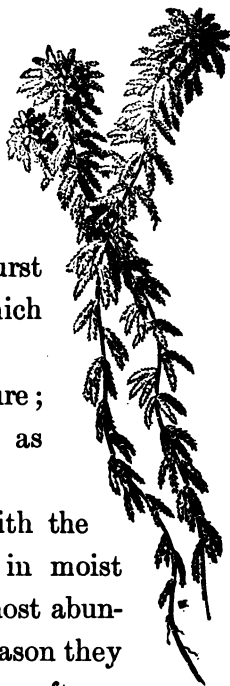
Mosses, ferns, and mushrooms belong to the great sub-kingdom of flowerless plants. As their name implies, these plants do not bear flowers, and therefore they produce no seeds. In place of the latter they produce spores. These are usually inclosed in spore cases, which often resemble tiny patches of brown dust.

When the spores are ripe the cases burst and scatter the fine, dust-like spores, which in time give rise to new plants.

The spores are very simple in structure; they do not contain an embryo plant as true seeds do.

We are all more or less familiar with the soft, green mosses. They thrive best in moist places, and, as a general rule, they are most abundant in temperate climates. In a dry season they wither very quickly, but they soon revive after a shower of rain.

Mosses are composed of leaf, stem, and root. The leaves, however, are not true leaves, for they are simple in structure, and they lack ribs and veins.



The mosses bear spore cases resembling a capsule, or urn, which opens at the top, and which is completely filled with spores arranged around a central column. The capsule is covered with a sort of hood, which is thrown off when the spores are ripe.

Mosses serve several important uses. They protect the roots of plants from cold and from drought. Some varieties supply food for cattle, when nothing else can be obtained, — for example, the reindeer moss. Club mosses are green all winter, and are used for Christmas wreaths.

Many species of mosses are known, and some of them are exceedingly beautiful.

The tiny moss, whose silken verdure clothes
The time-worn rock, and whose bright capsules rise,
Like fairy urns, on stalks of golden sheen,
Demands our admiration and our praise.

Selected

structure	embryo	abundant
capsule	varieties	column

FLOWERLESS PLANTS — II

Ferns belong to an old and very numerous family of plants. Long ago great tree ferns covered many parts of the earth. In the course of ages these became the great coal beds of to-day.

Most ferns, like mosses, thrive best in shade and moisture, though a few may be found in open places.

Notice the arrangement of the spore cases on the back or margin of a fern frond. The arrangement of the clusters varies in different ferns and is often a means of distinguishing them.

When the spores are ripe the cases burst and scatter the magic dust. This in time develops into new plants.

The young ferns possess great power, for they are able to push their way up through the soil into the light and air.



In cold regions ferns are small and few in number; in warm regions they are large and abundant.

You may find ferns in the woods from April until late in autumn. One of the most dainty is the delicate maidenhair fern, which usually appears in June.

moisture

arrangement

regions

numerous

margin

frond

FLOWERLESS PLANTS—III

The familiar mushrooms form the most important class of the fungi, a large order in the great subkingdom of flowerless plants.

For centuries certain species of fungi have been used for food. They have been regarded as a delicacy from the days of the ancient Greeks and Romans to our own day.

The most highly prized of all edible fungi are the truffles, which grow buried in the soil, and in general appearance resemble small potatoes. The truffles found in our markets are imported from Italy and France; edible species have not yet been discovered in our own country.

Our illustration represents the common meadow mushroom, practically the only species cultivated in the United States at present.

Let us consider for a moment how this mushroom grows. The young plants arise from a mass of fine, colorless threads known as spawn. This spawn performs all the offices of root, stem, and leaves, and the fungus itself corresponds to the fruit of the plant. The spores are borne on the underside of the umbrella-shaped top.

The meadow mushroom appears on the surface of the ground as a small, solid button. This increases in size until it shoots up into a stem which bears the umbrella-like top.

At first the top is tightly closed about its stalk like a closed umbrella; in a day or two it expands into the full-grown fungus.

Certain other fungi, not so well known perhaps, deserve mention. The yeast plant by which our bread is raised, the mildew on linen, the downy mildew on the grape, and the mold which forms on bread under certain conditions are all fungus growths.



Many fungi delight the eye with their beauty of color and form. As examples, we may cite the red or green brackets which often cluster about decaying tree stumps, and the

beautiful coral fungi usually found in the woods.

In dry pastures you may find the puffball, which, when mature, sends up a tiny puff of "smoke" if you touch it. Did you know that this puff of "smoke" is really a little cloud of spores?

The fungi lack the green coloring matter (or chlorophyll) which is so important an element in the structure of the higher orders of plants.

edible

fungus

chlorophyll

DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils ;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee ;
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company ;
I gazed, — and gazed, — but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,

They flash upon that inward eye
 Which is the bliss of solitude ;
 And then my heart with pleasure fills,
 And dances with the daffodils.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

jocund

pensive

solitude

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
 You haste away so soon ;
 As yet, the early-rising sun
 Has not attain'd its noon.
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hastening day
 Has run
 But to the evensong ;
 And having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along.

GEORGE HERRICK



AN ADVENTURE ON THE ICE

"Now," said Wardle, after a substantial lunch, "what say you to an hour on the ice? We shall have plenty of time."

"Capital!" said Mr. Benjamin Allen.

"Prime!" ejaculated Mr. Bob Sawyer.

"You skate, of course, Winkle?" said Wardle.

"Ye—yes; oh, yes!" replied Mr. Winkle. "I—I am *rather* out of practice."

"Oh, *do* skate, Mr. Winkle," said Arabella. "I like to see it *so* much."

"Oh, it is *so* graceful," said another young lady.

A third young lady said it was "elegant," and a fourth expressed her opinion that it was "swan-like."

"I should be very happy, I'm sure," said Mr. Winkle, reddening; "but I have no skates."

This objection was at once overruled. Trundle had a couple of pairs, and the fat boy announced that there were half a dozen more downstairs; whereat Mr. Winkle expressed exquisite delight, and looked exquisitely uncomfortable.

Old Wardle led the way to a pretty large sheet of ice; and the fat boy and Mr. Weller having shoveled and swept away the snow which had fallen on it during the

night, Mr. Bob Sawyer adjusted his skates with a dexterity which to Mr. Winkle was perfectly marvelous, and described circles with his left leg, and cut figures of eight; and inscribed upon the ice, without once stopping for breath, a great many other pleasant and astonishing devices, to the excessive satisfaction of Mr. Pickwick, Mr. Tupman, and the ladies, which reached a pitch of positive enthusiasm when old Wardle and Benjamin Allen, assisted by the aforesaid Bob Sawyer, performed some mystic evolutions which they called a reel.

All this time Mr. Winkle, with his face and hands blue with the cold, had been forcing a gimlet into the soles of his feet, and putting his skates on with the points behind, and getting the straps into a very complicated and entangled state, with the assistance of Mr. Snodgrass, who knew rather less about skates than a Hindu.

At length, however, with the assistance of Mr. Weller, the unfortunate skates were firmly screwed and buckled on, and Mr. Winkle was raised to his feet.

"Now, then, sir," said Sam, in an encouraging tone, "off with you, and show 'em how to do it."

"Stop, Sam, stop!" said Mr. Winkle, trembling violently and clutching hold of Sam's arms with the grasp of a drowning man. "How slippery it is, Sam!"

"Not an uncommon thing upon ice, sir," replied Mr. Weller. "Hold up, sir!"

This last observation of Mr. Weller's bore reference to a demonstration Mr. Winkle had made, at the instant, of a frantic desire to throw his feet into the air and dash the back of his head on the ice.

"These — these — are very awkward skates, aren't they, Sam?" said Mr. Winkle, staggering.

"I'm afraid there's an awkward gentleman in them, sir," replied Sam.

"Now, Winkle," cried Mr. Pickwick, quite unconscious that there was anything the matter, "come! The ladies are all anxiety."

"Yes, yes," replied Mr. Winkle with a ghastly smile; "I'm coming."

"Just going to begin," said Sam, endeavoring to disengage himself. "Now, sir, start off!"

"Stop an instant, Sam," gasped Mr. Winkle, clinging most affectionately to Mr. Weller. "I find I've got a couple of coats at home that I don't want, Sam. You may have them, Sam."

"Thank 'e, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Never mind touching your hat, Sam," said Mr. Winkle hastily. "You need n't take your hand away to do that. I meant to have given you five shillings this morning for

a Christmas box, Sam ; I'll give it to you this afternoon, Sam."

"You're very good, sir," replied Mr. Weller.

"Just hold me at first, Sam, will you?" said Mr. Winkle.

"There, — that's right. I shall soon get in the way of it, Sam. Not too fast, Sam ; not too fast."

Mr. Winkle, stooping forward, with his body half doubled up, was being assisted over the ice by Mr. Weller, in a very singular and unswan-like manner, when Mr. Pickwick most innocently shouted from the opposite bank : "Sam !"

"Sir?" said Mr. Weller.

"Here! I want you."

"Let go, sir," said Sam. "Don't you hear the governor calling? Let go, sir."

With a violent effort Mr. Weller disengaged himself from the grasp of the agonized Winkle, and in so doing administered a considerable impetus to him. With an accuracy which no degree of dexterity or practice could have insured, that unfortunate gentleman bore swiftly down into the center of the reel, at the very moment when Mr. Bob Sawyer was performing a flourish of unparalleled beauty.

Mr. Winkle struck wildly against him, and with a loud crash they both fell heavily down. Mr. Pickwick ran to

the spot. Bob Sawyer had risen to his feet, but Mr. Winkle was far too wise to do anything of the kind in skates. He was seated on the ice, making spasmodic efforts to smile; but anguish was depicted on every lineament of his countenance.



“Are you hurt?” inquired Mr. Benjamin Allen, with great anxiety.

“Not much,” said Mr. Winkle, rubbing his back very hard.

“I wish you’d let me bleed you,” said Mr. Benjamin, with great eagerness.

“No, thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle, hurriedly.

“I really think you had better,” said Allen.

“Thank you,” replied Mr. Winkle; “I’d rather not.”

“What do you think, Mr. Pickwick?” inquired Bob Sawyer. Mr. Pickwick was excited and indignant. He beckoned to Mr. Weller, and said in a stern voice, “Take his skates off!”

“No; but really I had scarcely begun,” remonstrated Mr. Winkle.

“Take his skates off!” repeated Mr. Pickwick, firmly.

The command was not to be resisted. Mr. Winkle allowed Sam to obey it in silence.

“Lift him up!” said Mr. Pickwick. Sam assisted him to rise.

Mr. Pickwick retired a few paces apart from the bystanders and, beckoning his friend to approach, fixed a searching look upon him, and uttered in a low but distinct and emphatic tone these remarkable words:

“You’re a humbug, sir!”

“A what?” said Mr. Winkle, starting.

“A humbug, sir. I will speak plainer if you wish it, —an impostor, sir!”

With these words Mr. Pickwick turned slowly on his heel and rejoined his friends.

CHARLES DICKENS

substantial

mystic

unparalleled

ejaculated

agonized

spasmodic

exquisite

enthusiasm

lineament

A GOLDEN DEED



Long years ago the Knight Rodrigo was known throughout Spain for bravery and love of his fellow-man. One day at the command of his king he started on a long journey with twenty of his knights. And as he went he did great good and gave alms, feeding the poor and the needy.

Upon the way they found a sick man lying by the roadside, who cried out to them with a loud voice to help him for the love of God. When Rodrigo heard this he alighted from his horse and helped him. And he placed the sick

man on the beast before him, and carried him in this manner to the inn where he took up his lodging that night.

At this his knights were little pleased. And when supper was ready Rodrigo bade his knights take their seats, and he took the sick man by the hand and seated him next himself, and helped him from his own dish. The knights were greatly offended by this act, and they rose from their places and left the room.

After they had eaten, Rodrigo ordered a bed to be made ready for himself and the sick man, and they slept together. When it was midnight and Rodrigo was fast asleep, the sick man breathed against his shoulder, and the breath passed through him, even through his breast, and awakened him. Then he felt for the sick man by his side, and behold! he was not there; and he began to call him, but there was no reply.

Then Rodrigo called for light and it was brought to him, and he looked for the sick man, but found him not. So he returned to bed, leaving the light burning. And he began to think within himself what had happened, and of that breath which had passed through him, and of the sick man who had gone he knew not where.

After awhile, as he lay there thinking of these things, there appeared before him one in white garments, who said unto him, "Art thou awake or dost thou sleep,

Rodrigo?" And he answered, "I do not sleep, but who art thou that bringest with thee such brightness and so sweet an odor?"

And the stranger answered: "I am he that was the sick man for whom thou hast done so much good and so great honor for the love of God. Because thou hast done this for His sake, God has granted thee a great gift. Whenever that breath which thou hast felt shall come upon thee, whatever thing thou desirest to do that thou shalt accomplish to thy heart's desire, whether it be in battle or elsewhere, and thy honor shall go on increasing from day to day.

"Thine enemies shall never prevail against thee, and thou shalt die in honor in thine own house and in thy renown; for God hath blessed thee. Therefore go thou on and persevere in doing good."

With that the angel of light that was the sick man, disappeared. Then Rodrigo arose and found that he was alone. And as the years of his life passed on all the promises of the angel were fulfilled. In all the land of Spain none was more brave in battle, or more kind to those in need than the good knight, Rodrigo.

Adapted from the *Chronicle of the Cid*

prevail

renown

persevere

ABOU BEN ADHEM

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold :
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" — The vision raised its head,
 And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou ; "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. — Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still ; and said, "I pray thee, then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
 It came again, with a great awakening light,
 And showed the names, whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest !

LEIGH HUNT

vision

accord

increase

THE SIGNING OF THE DECLARATION

It is a cloudless summer day ; a clear, blue sky arches and expands above a quaint edifice rising among the giant trees in the center of a wide city. That edifice is built of plain red brick, with heavy window frames and a massive hall door.

Such is the State House of Philadelphia in the year of our Lord 1776.

In yonder wooden steeple which crowns the summit of that red brick State House stands an old man with snow-white hair and sunburnt face. He is clad in humble attire, yet his eye gleams as it is fixed on the ponderous outline of the bell suspended in the steeple there. By his side, gazing into his sunburnt face in wonder, stands a flax-haired boy, with laughing eyes of summer blue.

The old man ponders for a moment upon the strange words written upon the bell ; then gathering the boy in his arms, he speaks.

“Look here, my child. Will you do this old man a kindness? Then hasten down the stairs, and wait in the hall below until a man gives you a message for me. When he gives you that word run out into the street and shout it up to me. Do you mind?” The boy sprang from the old man’s arms and threaded his way down the dark stairs.



SIGNING THE DECLARATION
From the painting by John Trumbull

Many minutes passed. The old bell keeper was alone.

"Ah," groaned the old man, "he has forgotten me."

As the word was upon his lips a merry, ringing laugh broke on his ear. And there among the crowd on the pavement stood the blue-eyed boy, clapping his tiny hands while the breeze blew his flaxen hair all about his face, and, swelling his little chest, he raised himself on tiptoe, and shouted the single word, "Ring!"

Do you see that old man's eye fire? Do you see that arm so suddenly bared to the shoulder? Do you see that withered hand grasping the iron tongue of the bell? That old man is young again. His veins are filling with new life. Backward and forward with sturdy strokes he swings the tongue.

The bell peals out; the crowds in the street hear it and burst forth in one long shout. Old Delaware hears it and gives it back the cheers of her thousand sailors. The city hears it and starts up, from desk and workshop, as if an earthquake had spoken.

GEORGE LIPPAARD in *Washington and His Generals*

edifice

massive

ponderous

INDEPENDENCE BELL



There was tumult in the city,
In the quaint old Quaker town,
And the streets were rife with people
Pacing restless up and down, —
People gathering at corners,
Where they whispered each to each,
And the sweat stood on their temples
With the earnestness of speech.

As the bleak Atlantic currents
Lash the wild Newfoundland shore,
So they beat against the State House,
So they surged against the door ;

And the mingling of their voices
 Made a harmony profound,
 Till the quiet street of Chestnut
 Was all turbulent with sound.

“Will they do it?” “Dare they do it?”
 “Who is speaking?” “What’s the news?”
 “What of Adams?” “What of Sherman?”
 “Oh, God grant they won’t refuse!”
 “Make some way there!” “Let me nearer!”
 “I am stifling!” “Stifle then!”
 When a nation’s life’s at hazard
 We’ve no time to think of men!”

So they beat against the portal,
 Man and woman, maid and child;
 And the July sun in Heaven
 On the scene looked down and smiled;
 The same sun that saw the Spartan
 Shed his patriot blood in vain,
 Now beheld the soul of freedom,
 All unconquered, rise again.

Aloft in that high steeple
 Sat the bellman, old and gray;

He was weary of the tyrant
And his iron-sceptered sway;
So he sat with one hand ready
On the clapper of the bell,
When his eye should catch the signal
Very happy news to tell.

See ! see ! The dense crowd quivers
Through all its lengthy line,
As the boy beside the portal
Looks forth to give the sign !
With his little hands uplifted,
Breezes dallying with his hair,
Hark ! with deep, clear intonation,
Breaks his young voice on the air.

Hushed the people's swelling murmur,
List the boy's exulting cry !
" Ring ! " he shouts, " Ring ! grandpa,
Ring ! oh, ring for Liberty ! "
Quickly at the given signal
The old bellman lifts his hand,
Forth he sends the good news, making
Iron music through the land.

How they shouted ! What rejoicing !
 How the old bell shook the air,
 Till the clang of freedom ruffled
 The calm gliding Delaware !
 How the bonfires and the torches
 Lighted up the night's repose,
 And from the flames, like fabled Phoenix,
 Our glorious Liberty arose !

That old State House bell is silent,
 Hushed is now its clamorous tongue ;
 But the spirit it awakened
 Still is living — ever young ;
 And when we greet the smiling sunlight
 On the Fourth of each July,
 We will ne'er forget the bellman
 Who, betwixt the earth and sky,
 Rung out, loudly, " Independence,"
 Which, please God, *shall never die !*

ANONYMOUS

turbulent

intonation

clamorous

How sleep the brave who sink to rest
 By all their country's wishes blest !

WILLIAM COLLINS

THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS—I

Caius Marcius, who is known in Roman legend as Coriolanus, was born of noble parents in ancient Rome. His father died during the childhood of Caius, and the boy was brought up by his mother, Volumnia. He was carefully trained in everything that would help to make him worthy of his great name. From his early years he displayed rare skill in the use of arms.

In those days war was the principal business of the Romans, and Caius entered the army at an early age. His first fame was obtained in the following manner. During a battle Caius saw a Roman soldier struck down by one of the enemy. At once the youth took the place of the fallen Roman, slew his assailant, and saved his fellow-soldier from death.

This brave act was seen by his general, and after the victory had been won by the Romans, the boy was crowned with a garland of oak leaves, according to the custom of his country. This high honor was followed by other honors as the boy continued to give fresh proofs of bravery and prowess. All this gave great joy to his mother. She delighted to see her boy crowned and to hear him praised, and whenever he returned from the wars, her tears of joy made Caius the happiest person in Rome.

The love of the young man for his mother did not lessen with his increasing fame. Even after he had taken a wife and had children of his own, he and his family lived with his mother.

About this time troubles arose in Rome between the poor and the nobles. The nobles were known as the patricians ; those who were not of the noble class were called the plebeians. Caius, as might be expected, took the side of the patricians, and being headstrong and proud, he soon made many enemies among the plebeians. But Rome was at war with the Volscians, a neighboring nation, and all classes united for the time in the cause of their country.

The principal city of the Volscians was Corioli, and against this city a great Roman army was sent. During a battle outside its walls, Caius, at the head of a small company, followed the enemy through the gates and into the city. Here his small band was attacked by great numbers. But Caius and his men fought with such bravery that they held their own until the rest of the Roman army followed them and took the city.

After the victory the Romans met to divide the spoils. Caius, because of his brave deed, was asked to make the first choice. His answer was that he wished for nothing beyond the freedom of one of the Volscians, who had been a friend to him. Nor would he take aught else. His

request was granted by the Roman general, who thus spoke to his army :

“ It is idle, fellow-soldiers, to force our gifts on one who is unwilling to accept them. Let us therefore honor him with a gift that he cannot well refuse. Let us pass a vote that henceforth he shall be called Coriolanus.” From that day Caius Marcius was known by the name he had won by his courage.

ancient

prowess

plebeian

assailant

patrician

enemies

THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS — II

When the war was over, the troubles between the plebeians and the patricians broke out afresh. Coriolanus, who now bore himself among the highest, opposed every grant of favors to the plebeians. This increased the number of his enemies, and when he sought election to one of the highest offices in the city he was defeated.

His failure made him more bitter than ever against the plebeians, and an occasion soon arose which brought out all the ill feeling on both sides. A large quantity of corn had been sent to Rome as a present from a foreign king. Many thought that this corn should be given to the poor, and a great meeting was called to decide the question.

But Coriolanus spoke against making the gift. His words aroused such hatred against him that he was condemned to death by the leaders of the plebeians who had obtained control of the city.

This punishment, however, seemed too severe for one who had fought so bravely for his country, and it was changed to banishment. Coriolanus was ordered to leave his native city, never to return. After parting in great grief from his mother, wife, and children, the conqueror of Corioli went to the city gates. Here he bade farewell to a great body of nobles who had come to meet him for the last time.

After his departure he remained for a few days in the country, brooding over his wrongs, and then he resolved to be revenged. He went to the Volscians, whose capital he had been the means of destroying. He told these people of the injuries his countrymen had done him, and he offered to lead their armies against the Romans.

When Tullus, who had the power of a king among the Volscians, had heard Coriolanus, he said: "Rise, Marcius, and be of good courage. Your coming brings great happiness to us. Expect everything that is good from the Volscians."

A great army was raised, and with Coriolanus at the head it moved towards Rome. One after another the

small cities on the line of march fell. At last the Volscians pitched their camp outside the walls of Rome. Within the city all was terror and dismay. The Roman armies had been defeated, and now it seemed as if the city itself would surely fall.

An embassy of his former friends among the nobles was sent out from the city to plead with Coriolanus. When they entered the camp of the Volscians they found him sitting in high state. The embassy pleaded for their country in gentle and tender terms. When they had finished Coriolanus spoke.

“Go back to your city,” he said, “and prepare to return to the Volscians all the lands and spoils that you have taken in the former war.” And he gave the Romans thirty days to consider this demand, promising to withdraw his army in the meantime from the walls of the city.

At the end of the thirty days the Volscians returned, and another embassy of Romans came to seek better terms. But Coriolanus refused to grant their request. He bade them return and prepare to carry out his orders within three days. He told them furthermore that they must not again enter his camp on idle errands. Then the priests of all the temples came out from the city to beg deliverance, but their prayers were in vain.

condemned

banishment

embassy

THE STORY OF CORIOLANUS — III

And now Rome had but one hope left. A number of the noblest matrons in the city went to the house of Volumnia, the mother of Coriolanus. And coming and finding her sitting with her son's wife Vergilia, and her little grandchildren, one of the matrons said : " We have come to ask you to join in our efforts to save the city. Arise and come with us to Marcius. Join in our prayers to your son."

And Volumnia answered, " I and Vergilia have an equal share in the misery of our country. We will go to my son, but we cannot hope that he will do for us what he would not do for his country, which he was wont to prefer before his mother, and wife, and children. Make use, however, of our service and lead us to him. We are able, if nothing more, at least to spend our last breath in making suit to him for our country."

Having said this, she took Vergilia and the young children, and accompanied the matrons to the Volscian camp. When the women entered the camp they were received in respectful silence. Marcius was then sitting in his place with his chief officers about him, and seeing the advancing train of matrons he wondered what could be the matter. But when he beheld his mother at their



PLEADING WITH CORIOLANUS
From the painting by Angelica Kauffmann

head his pride left him, and he hastened to meet the party. He first saluted his mother, embracing her for a long time, and then he embraced his wife and children.

And now Volumnia spoke. She told him how sad they all were at his absence, and how they grieved at seeing him in arms against the walls of Rome. She begged him to spare her country, and said that if he conquered the city, he would enter its gates over her body.

"For I could not live," said she, "to see a child of mine either led in triumph by his countrymen or triumphing over them."

Coriolanus listened to his mother while she spoke, nor answered a word. Volumnia, seeing him stand silent for a long time, spoke again.

"O my son, what is the meaning of this silence? Is it that you are thinking of your injuries that you hesitate to grant your mother's request? You have punished your country enough; you have not yet paid your debt to me."

Having said this, she threw herself down at his feet, as did also his wife and children. Seeing this, Marcius cried out: "O mother! what is it you have done to me?" And he tenderly raised her from the ground. "You have gained a victory for the Romans, but you have destroyed your son, whom you, but none else, have defeated."

The next morning Coriolanus broke camp and led the Volscians homeward. When his army saw what he had done a great feeling rose against their general, but for a time none dared oppose his commands. Admiring his virtue, they followed him obediently.

When Coriolanus returned to the city of the Volscians he was forced to resign his command. He asked to be allowed to explain his conduct to the whole nation. An assembly was called, and speakers came forward to denounce him, but when Coriolanus stood up to answer, the crowds grew silent and allowed him to speak.

As he went on, Tullus and his friends, who were now the bitter enemies of Coriolanus, saw that he would win the people by his words. Then some of the boldest, crying out that the Volscians ought not to listen to a traitor, fell upon him in a body and slew him. And none in all that great assembly arose in his defense. But afterwards when the people thought of the bravery of Coriolanus, and how he had only done what a son should do for his mother, they forgot their hatred, and gave fitting honor to a noble hero and a famous general.

Adapted from PLUTARCH

matrons

admiring

virtue

traitor

obediently

assembly

LITTLE DAFFYDOWNDILLY

Daffydowndilly was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But while Daffydowndilly was yet a little boy his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character ; and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good ; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon earth ever since Adam was driven from the Garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a very severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle ; his voice, too, was harsh ; and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffydowndilly. The whole day long this terrible old schoolmaster sat at his desk overlooking the scholars, or stalked about the schoolroom with a certain awful birch rod in his hand. Now came a rap over the shoulders of a boy whom Mr. Toil had caught at play ; now he punished

a whole class who were behindhand with their lessons ; and, in short, unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the schoolroom of Mr. Toil.

“This will never do for me,” thought Daffydowndilly.

Now the whole of Daffydowndilly’s life had hitherto been passed with his dear mother, who had a much sweeter face than old Mr. Toil, and who had always been very indulgent to her little boy. No wonder, therefore, that poor Daffydowndilly found it a woful change to be sent away from the good lady’s side and put under the care of this ugly-visaged schoolmaster, who never gave him any apples or cakes, and seemed to think that little boys were created only to get lessons.

“I can’t bear it any longer,” said Daffydowndilly to himself, when he had been at school about a week. “I’ll run away and try to find my dear mother ; and, at any rate, I’ll never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil.” So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffydowndilly, and began his rambles about the world with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast and very little pocket money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

“Good morning, my fine lad,” said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it. “Whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?”

Little Daffydowndilly was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil; and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

“Oh, very well, my little friend,” answered the stranger. “Then we will go together; for I, likewise, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of.”

Our friend Daffydowndilly would have been better pleased with a companion of his own age, with whom he might have gathered flowers along the roadside, or have chased butterflies, or have done many other things to make the journey pleasant.

But he had wisdom enough to understand that he should get along through the world much easier by having a man of experience to show him the way. So he accepted the stranger’s proposal, and they walked on very sociably together.

They had not gone far when the road passed by a field where some haymakers were at work, mowing down the tall grass and spreading it out in the sun to dry.

Daffydowndilly was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring



trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and continually scolded by old Mr. Toil. But in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick, quick!" cried he. "Let us run away, or he will catch us."

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffydown-dilly. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffydowndilly pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there.

He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone.

Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who, at that very moment, must be just entering his schoolroom.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the most disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you unless you become a laborer on the farm."

Little Daffydowndilly believed what his companion said, but was very glad, nevertheless, when they were out of sight of the old farmer who bore such a singular resemblance to Mr. Toil. The two travelers had gone but little farther when they came to a spot where some carpenters were erecting a house.

Daffydowndilly begged his companion to stop a moment, for it was a very pretty sight to see how neatly the carpenters did their work, with their broadaxes, and saws, and planes, and hammers, shaping out the doors, and putting in the window sashes, and nailing on the clapboards; and he could not help thinking that he should like to take a broadax, a saw, a plane, and a hammer, and build a little house for himself. And then, when he should have a house of his own, old Mr. Toil would never dare to molest him.

But just as he was delighting himself with this idea, little Daffydowndilly beheld something that made him catch hold of his companion's hand, all in a fright.

"Make haste! Quick, quick!" cried he. "There he is again!"

"Who?" asked the stranger very quietly.

"Old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly, trembling. "There! He that is overseeing the carpenters. 'Tis my old school-master as sure as I'm alive!"

The stranger cast his eyes where Daffydowndilly pointed his finger, and he saw an elderly man with a carpenter's rule and compasses in his hand. This person went to and fro about the unfinished house, measuring pieces of timber and marking out the work that was to be done, and continually exhorting the other carpenters to be diligent.

And wherever he turned his hard and wrinkled visage the men seemed to feel that they had a taskmaster over them, and sawed, and hammered, and planed, as if for dear life.

“Oh, no ; this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster,” said the stranger. “It is another brother of his, who follows the trade of carpenter.”

“I am very glad to hear it,” quoth Daffydowndilly ; “but if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible.”

Then they went on a little farther, and soon heard the sound of a drum and fife. Daffydowndilly pricked up his ears at this, and besought his companion to hurry forward, that they might not miss seeing the soldiers.

Accordingly, they made what haste they could, and soon met a company of soldiers gayly dressed, with beautiful feathers in their caps and bright muskets on their shoulders. In front marched two drummers and two fifers, beating on their drums and playing on their fifes with might and main and making such lively music that little Daffydowndilly would gladly have followed them to the end of the world. And if he was only a soldier, then, said he to himself, old Mr. Toil would never venture to look him in the face.

“Quick step ! Forward, march !” shouted a gruff voice.

Little Daffydowndilly started in great dismay ; for this

voice which had spoken to the soldiers sounded precisely the same as that which he had heard every day in Mr. Toil's schoolroom, out of Mr. Toil's own mouth.

And, turning his eyes to the captain of the company, what should he see but the very image of old Mr. Toil himself, with a very smart cap and feather on his head, a pair of gold epaulets on his shoulders, a laced coat on his back, a purple sash round his waist, and a long sword, instead of a birch rod, in his hand. And though he held his head so high, and strutted like a turkey cock, still he looked quite as ugly and disagreeable as when he was hearing lessons in the schoolroom.

"This is certainly old Mr. Toil," said Daffydowndilly in a trembling voice. "Let us run away for fear he should make us enlist in his company."

"You are mistaken again, my little friend," replied the stranger, very composedly. "This is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who has served in the army all his life. People say he's a terribly severe fellow, but you and I need not be afraid of him.

"Well, well," said little Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I don't want to see the soldiers any more."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and by and by they came to a house by the roadside, where a number of people were making merry. Young

men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffydowndilly had yet met with, and it comforted him for all his disappointments.

“Oh, let us stop here,” cried he to his companion; “for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face where there is a fiddler, and where people are dancing and making merry. We shall be quite safe here.”

But these last words died away on Daffydowndilly’s tongue; for, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle bow instead of a birch rod, and flourishing it with as much ease and dexterity as if he had been a fiddler all his life. He had somewhat the air of a Frenchman, but still looked exactly like the old schoolmaster; and Daffydowndilly even fancied that he nodded and winked at him, and made signs for him to join in the dance.

“Oh, dear me!” whispered he, turning pale. “It seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?”

“This is not your old schoolmaster,” observed the stranger, “but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler. He is ashamed of his family, and generally calls himself Monsieur le Plaisir; but his real name is Toil, and those who

have known him best think him still more disagreeable than his brothers."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said Daffydowndilly. "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, and in shady lanes, and



through pleasant villages; and whithersoever they went, behold, there was the image of old Mr. Toil!

He stood like a scarecrow in the cornfields. If they entered a house he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and

who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffydowndilly was almost tired to death when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there and take some repose.

"Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he ; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and most torpid of all those lazy and heavy and torpid people who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a very large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits, and goes by the name of Signor Far Niente. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back ! take me back !" cried poor little Daffydowndilly, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the schoolhouse."

"Yonder it is ; there is the schoolhouse," said the stranger ; for though he and little Daffydowndilly had

taken a great many steps, they had traveled in a circle instead of a straight line. "Come; we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffydowndilly now remembered; and it is strange that he had not remembered it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold, there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil! So that the poor child had been in company with Mr. Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him. Some people, to whom I have told little Daffydowndilly's story, are of opinion that old Mr. Toil was a magician and possessed the power of multiplying himself into as many shapes as he saw fit.

Be that as it may, little Daffydowndilly had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence is not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

indulgent

sedate

trudging

moderate

ingenuous

hesitated

exhorting

precisely

epaulets

THROUGH PEACE TO LIGHT

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
 A pleasant road ;
 I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
 Aught of its load ;
 I do not ask that flowers should always spring
 Beneath my feet ;
 I know too well the poison and the sting
 Of things too sweet.
 For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead —
 Lead me aright ;
 Tho' strength should falter, and tho' heart should bleed,
 Through Peace to Light.
 I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
 Full radiance here ;
 Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
 Without a fear.
 I do not ask my cross to understand,
 My way to see —
 Better in darkness just to feel Thy Hand,
 And follow Thee.
 Joy is like restless day, but peace divine
 Like quiet night.
 Lead me, O Lord, till perfect day shall shine
 Through Peace to Light.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER

PSALM CXXI

I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help.

My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth.

He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth thee will not slumber.

Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber nor sleep.

The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.

The sun shall not smite thee by day, nor the moon by night.

The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he shall preserve thy soul.

The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth, and even for evermore.

BIBLE



APPENDIX

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF AUTHORS

Hans Christian Andersen was born in Denmark in April, 1805. His father was a shoemaker in poor circumstances and Andersen's early attempts to earn a living were unsuccessful. Kind friends came to his aid and he was assisted in his efforts to obtain an education. In 1830 he published a collection of poems which was well received. He is best known to us, however, through his beautiful fairy tales. Although Andersen was not fond of children, he wrote a great deal for and about them. His tales have been translated into many languages. He died in August, 1875.

Matteo Bandello is regarded as one of the most famous Italian writers of short stories. He wrote more than two hundred tales. As he was intended for the priesthood he received an excellent education, and before his death he was raised to the dignity of a bishop. His stories are descriptive of the life of his time and are noted for their simple style. He was born in Piedmont, Italy, in 1480, and died in 1562.

Thomas Haynes Bayly, who was born in England in 1797 and died in 1839, wrote several stories and dramatic pieces. He was the author of many beautiful songs and poems.

Richard D. Blackmore was one of the popular English novelists. His masterpiece was *Lorna Doone*. The story is based on legends concerning the robber Doones, a band of outlaws.

Our selection tells how John Ridd, at the age of fourteen, came into the Doone valley by chance one day, and was saved from

capture by Lorna Doone. When John became of age he sought Lorna again. He hated the Doones who had murdered his father, but he loved the beautiful Lorna, and finally married her. The story abounds in fine descriptions of English scenery.

Richard D. Blackmore was born in June, 1825. He was graduated from Oxford University in 1847, and began the practice of law in 1852. His death occurred in January, 1900.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning ranks high in the list of English writers of poetry. She was born in March, 1806, and at an age when girls are usually contented with simple stories, she was reading the classic poets and writing verses herself. Her first book of poems was published when she was about twenty years of age, and the quality of the poetry gave her immediate fame. When she was forty years of age she married Robert Browning, at that time one of the foremost poets of England. Owing to ill health she was taken to Italy by her husband, and they settled at Florence. Here Mrs. Browning wrote her greatest work, *Aurora Leigh*, and here she died in June, 1861.

Henry C. Bunner was born in Oswego, New York, in 1855. Having completed his early education he became a journalist and rose to the position of chief editor of the famous New York weekly, *Puck*. He died in 1896. He is noted for the numerous short stories he wrote, some of which are marked by a keen humor, others by a deep feeling.

Lewis Carroll (Charles Lutwidge Dodgson) was born in England in 1832. He was graduated from Oxford University in 1854. Under the pen name of Lewis Carroll he has achieved world-wide fame, for his amusing books *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking-Glass*. He died in 1898.

Alice's Adventures in Wonderland is one of the most fascinating of all tales for children. Alice follows a rabbit down into a rabbit hole and finds herself in a land where unreal things seem real. Though she finds everything very strange, she is never surprised.

She meets many queer animal friends, among them the mad Hatter, the very sleepy Dormouse, and the March Hare. After many odd experiences these take her to play croquet with the Queen of Hearts. Suddenly Alice awakes to find herself beside her sister on a bank where she had fallen asleep.

The next time Alice dreams she steps through a looking-glass into another strange land, which is divided up like a chessboard, and where the people are all chessmen. This dream also comes to an end through her resentment against so much nonsense, and she awakens very suddenly.

The Chronicle of the Cid is a collection of romances concerning the wonderful deeds of the Cid and other Spanish heroes of antiquity. These stories form a continuous chronicle of the times and receive their name from the most famous hero of the ancient days of Spain, the knight Rodrigo of Castile, known as the Cid. The romances were based on the songs and poems popular with the Spanish people long before they were combined into a continuous chronicle.

Charles Dickens was born at Landsport, England, on February 7, 1812. He tells us himself that he was a "very small and not-over-particularly-taken-care-of boy." He was too delicate to take part in childish sports, but he grew very fond of reading. When he was about nine years of age his parents were obliged to move to very poor quarters. Here the little lad spent a sad and lonely life. After many misfortunes he was placed in a lawyer's office, where he studied shorthand and reported for the newspapers. Later he began to write sketches and stories.

Pickwick Papers was published in 1836, when the writer was about twenty-four years of age. "Mr. Pickwick" soon became known wherever English was spoken. The book was hailed with delight and its author regarded as a writer of merit. Every one enjoyed reading of Mr. Pickwick and Sam Weller. The book is full of humor and holds our interest to the end.

Dickens died at his home, Gadshill, in June, 1870. He lies buried in Westminster Abbey by the side of kings and queens and the greatest Englishmen of all ages.

Ralph Waldo Emerson, a noted American writer, was born in Boston, May 25, 1803. His first attempts at composition were not like the usual efforts of a schoolboy, but were poems full of promise. Emerson was graduated from Harvard University at the age of eighteen. After a brief experience as a teacher he preached for three years in Boston and then spent a year in Europe. On his return he began his career as a writer and lecturer. Emerson died in Concord, Massachusetts, on April 27, 1882.

James T. Fields was born in Portsmouth, New Hampshire, on December 31, 1817. His work was that of a publisher rather than a writer and thus he became acquainted with many of the leading authors of his time. Emerson, Longfellow, and Hawthorne were his personal friends. He became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* and also devoted much of his time to lecturing. He died in Boston, April 24, 1881.

Francis Miles Finch was born in Ithaca, New York, in 1827 and was educated at Yale University. After graduation he studied law and rose to great distinction in his profession. For many years he occupied the position of Judge of the Court of Appeals, one of the highest honors in his native state. Two of his best known poems are "Nathan Hale" and "The Blue and the Gray."

The Gesta Romanorum, or *Deeds of the Romans*, is a most curious collection of popular tales. The stories contained in the Gesta are very old. They were handed down by word of mouth from father to son, many, many years before the invention of printing, and long before the age of manuscript writing. The tales are short and their attractiveness is due chiefly to their clearness and simplicity. Until

the middle of the sixteenth century the *Gesta Romanorum* was one of the most widely read of all books, especially among the learned. At an early period they were translated from the original Latin into English, Dutch, French, and German. Many famous writers went to the *Gesta* for the plots of their writings. The story contained in "Theodosius, the Emperor," was used by Shakespeare in *King Lear*.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, a famous German novelist and poet, was born in Frankfort-on-the-Main August 28, 1749, and died on March 22, 1832. Before Goethe was ten years of age he had acquired a knowledge of several languages, and had composed some beautiful fairy tales which he was accustomed to recite to his mother and her guests. Goethe's greatest work, *Faust*, was written when he was only twenty-five years of age. He was not only the greatest German poet of his age, but he is conceded to be one of the greatest poets of all time.

Wilhelm Hauff was born in Germany in 1802. While yet a lad he showed a great liking for those stories that were rich in fancy and imagination. His writings comprise several collections of short stories in addition to some longer works. The "Story of Caliph Stork" is translated and adapted from a collection of fairy stories of the East, which rival the *Arabian Nights* in their wonderful description and curious fancy. Hauff's health was never rugged, and he died in 1827 at the early age of twenty-five. By his death Germany lost one of the greatest story-tellers of his age.

Nathaniel Hawthorne was born in Salem, Massachusetts, on July 4, 1804. He was graduated from Bowdoin College at the age of twenty-one. In 1837 he published a collection of his stories under the title of *Twice Told Tales* so named because they had previously appeared in various magazines and papers. The stories were founded on the quaint and interesting traditions of old New England. "Little Daffydowndilly" presents, in interesting story form, a great moral

truth. The "Boyhood of a Great Painter" is taken from *Biographical Stories*, another collection of Hawthorne's tales. In *Grandfather's Chair*, Hawthorne has devised a very attractive means of writing history for young people. "Grandfather" tells true stories of the principal happenings in New England from the time of the landing of the *Mayflower* to the time of the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Hawthorne wrote many romances, and ranks as one of the greatest American writers. He died in Plymouth, New Hampshire, on May 19, 1864.

Felicia Dorothea Hemans published her first volume of poems when she was but fifteen years of age. She was born in Liverpool, England, in 1793 and died in 1835. Many of her poems are noted for their beauty of thought and style. One of her most popular poems is "Casabianca." Mrs. Hemans was also the author of "The Graves of a Household" and "The Treasures of the Deep."

Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, August 29, 1809. After his graduation from Harvard he devoted himself to the study of medicine, and in 1847 became a professor in the Harvard Medical College. While in college he was called "The Poet," because of the many short poems he wrote for the college magazines. He is considered one of the famous American writers of both prose and poetry. His writings are noted for their brilliant wit, graceful style, and strong human interest. Dr. Holmes died on October 7, 1894.

James Hogg, a Scottish poet, was born in 1770. He belonged to a family of shepherds and had very little schooling, but even in boyhood he was fond of study and reading. In 1801 he went to Edinburgh to sell some sheep, and while there published a volume of his poems. Through the friendship of Sir Walter Scott he became known as a writer of prose and poetry. He died in 1835.

Thomas Hood, an English writer and poet, was born in London in 1799. Some of his writings are full of humor; others, as "The

Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs," are among the most pathetic in our language. Hood died in London in 1845.

James Henry Leigh Hunt, an English writer of prose and poetry, was born in 1784. During his school life he wrote several poems in imitation of the great poets. When he had completed his early studies he took a position as clerk, and afterwards became the editor of a newspaper. His poem "Abou-ben-Adhem" is considered one of the most beautiful poems in our language. He died in 1859.

Letitia Elizabeth Landon, an English poetess, was born in 1802. She published several volumes of her poems, and was the author of many short stories and a few novels. Her death occurred in 1838.

George Lippard, an American writer of stories and historical sketches, was born in 1822 and died in 1854. Two of his most popular books were the *Legends of the Revolution* and *Washington and His Generals*. The selection "The Signing of the Declaration" gives an idea of the vivid pictures which he drew of scenes and characters of the War for Independence.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow was born in Portland, Maine, on February 27, 1807. Before he had completed his studies at Bowdoin College he had decided to devote himself to literary pursuits. He was professor of languages at Bowdoin College until 1835, when he was appointed professor at Harvard. Longfellow is called the "Children's Poet," because he has written so much about them and for them. He is better known and better loved than any other American poet, and his poems have been translated into many languages. Many of his poems are household treasures; among these we may cite "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," "Hiawatha," and "The Psalm of Life." Longfellow died on March 24, 1882.

Charles Mackay was the author of several volumes of prose and poetry. He was born in Scotland in 1814 and died in 1889. For

many years he was a noted editor in London and was well known as a public lecturer in England and the United States.

John Henry Newman, the author of "Lead, Kindly Light," was one of the greatest English writers of his time. He was born in London in 1801 and was graduated from Oxford University before his twentieth year. During his college life he was a leader in religious and literary work. He became a minister of the Church of England and at the same time a teacher in the college where he had received his education. Later he became a Roman Catholic, entered the priesthood, and died a cardinal in 1890. As a man and a writer, Cardinal Newman enjoyed the respect and love of all who knew him.

Kate Putnam Osgood was born in Maine in 1841. She traveled for many years in Europe, and then returned to the United States, taking up her residence in Boston. The selection given is slightly abridged from her poem "Driving Home the Cows," which was published in a magazine in 1865, in the closing days of the great Civil War. The beauty of the verse and the pathos of the sentiment at once made the poem very popular.

Plutarch, in his *Lives of Illustrious Men*, has given the world a most interesting picture of the greatest characters of ancient Greece and Rome. His book has remained a classic for young and old for nearly two thousand years. He was born in Greece during the first century of the Christian era, and probably received the best training that the Grecian youths enjoyed. He lived for some time in Rome and became acquainted with the legends of the early heroes of that city. His book is a delightful combination of story and historical fact, and in his biographies and comparisons he teaches many lessons of patriotism, virtue, and fortitude.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born in London in 1825. Her father was the well-known poet who wrote under the name of Barry Cornwall. As a young woman, Miss Procter attracted much attention through

the many beautiful poems which she wrote for the magazines. Charles Dickens was one of the friends who helped to make her work known to the English people. In 1858 her collected poems were published in two volumes, and the tender feeling and charming verse of the poetry made her famous. She died in 1864.

John Ruskin was born in London in 1819. He learned to read when he was only four years old. At an early age he displayed a talent for drawing. At the time of his graduation from Oxford he was already well known as a writer and artist. Most of Ruskin's writings relate to the arts of painting, sculpture, and architecture. He is recognized as the most eloquent and most original of all writers on art subjects. For more than fifty years he held a foremost place as critic, lecturer, and writer. His death occurred in 1900.

Samuel Francis Smith, the author of "America," was born in Boston in 1808, and was graduated from Harvard in 1829. He became pastor of a church in Waterville, Maine, and professor of languages in the Waterville College. Later he was editor of the *Christian Review* at Boston. Several volumes of his writings were published, but he was best known through his many popular hymns. He died in 1895. Edward Everett Hale tells the story that when he was ten years of age he attended a Fourth of July celebration on Boston Common. After the exercises were completed the boy was strolling home when he saw hundreds of school children marching into the Park Street Church. He followed the children into the church and heard five hundred young voices sing the famous hymn "America." This occurred in 1832, and was the first time the song was heard in public.

Robert Louis Stevenson, a famous poet and writer, was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on November 13, 1850. Upon his graduation from Edinburgh University he began the study of law, but he was forced to abandon it, owing to ill health. He traveled for a time in

France, and there began his career as a writer. In 1879 Stevenson came to the United States, and crossed the continent to California with an emigrant train. His life was full of adventure, and his great force and ability as a writer soon gained for him a foremost place among modern men of letters. In 1887 Stevenson went to live on the island of Samoa, in the Pacific. He built a beautiful home on a mountain side, overlooking the sea. Here he died in December, 1894.

Alfred Tennyson, the famous English poet, was born in Lincolnshire, England, August 6, 1809. His first poems were published in a small volume when he was about eighteen years of age. He did not attain fame as a great poet, however, until after the publication of "Locksley Hall." Tennyson was a very careful writer. He went over his poems many times, changing a word here, altering a phrase there, until his writings were as perfect as he could make them. He died on October 6, 1892, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

William Makepeace Thackeray was born in Calcutta, India, in 1811. At the age of seven he was sent to England to school. On completing his course at Cambridge University, Thackeray traveled extensively with the idea of becoming an artist, but he abandoned this purpose to become a writer. His first great story, *Vanity Fair*, was illustrated from his own drawings. Thackeray died in 1863. He was loved as a man as much as he was admired as an author.

Anthony Trollope, an English novelist, was born in London in 1815. His father was a man of scholarly pursuits but unsuccessful in business affairs. Anthony was educated at Harrow school and Winchester College. Owing to his limited means the boy's experiences at school and college were very unpleasant. In 1847, while holding a government clerkship, Trollope published a tale of Irish life, which met with no success. He did not despair, however, but continued to write stories until he was recognized as one of the

most popular English novelists. His most successful novels describe the English society of his day. He died in 1882.

John Greenleaf Whittier was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807. He worked on a farm and at shoemaking until he was eighteen; then he spent two years in study at the town academy. In 1829 Whittier became editor of a Boston paper, and from this time he devoted himself entirely to literary pursuits. Whittier is one of our best loved poets. Some of his poems are familiar to school children in all sections of our country. Among these are "The Barefoot Boy," "In School-Days," and "Snow-Bound." Whittier died on September 8, 1892, amid the scenes of New England life that he loved so well.

William Wordsworth ranks as one of the great English poets. He has been called the Poet of Nature because of the many beautiful poems he wrote concerning the beauties of natural life and scenery. He was born in the Lake Country of England on April 7, 1770, and died on April 23, 1850. After completing his course at Cambridge University he spent some time in travel. His love for poetry had been acquired during his college days, and when he settled in the Lake Country he devoted himself to literature. He was a lover of the simple country life and the beautiful lake scenery about his home. Some of his writings show that he was a student also of his fellow-man. "The Daffodils" is one of his best known poems, though he wrote many others that are considered among the masterpieces of English poetry.

Charlotte Mary Yonge was born in England in 1823 and died in 1901. She was a woman of wonderful energy and published more than one hundred volumes. Her best known novel was *The Heir of Redcliffe*. *The Book of Golden Deeds*, from which "The Shepherd Girl of Nanterre" is adapted, is a collection of stories about the heroic men and women of all ages. These stories are very interesting and they teach many beautiful lessons of honor, loyalty, and courage.

PHONIC CHART OR KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

The elementary sounds of the English language are divided into two main classes, — vowels and consonants.

Vowel sounds are produced by vibrations of the vocal cords, without the intervention of any other organ of speech.

Consonant sounds are heard only in connection with a vowel; they are produced with the assistance of the organs of speech.

Vowel sounds are sometimes united in the same syllable; the combination is termed a diphthong.

VOWELS

ā as in fāte	ê as in thêre	o as in wōlf	ȳ as in flȳ
ă " senāte	e " obey	ô " sôn	ŷ " mȳself
â " fāt	ē " fēet	ō " hōrse	ÿ " babȳ
ä " ärm		ö " wörk	ÿ " mȳrrh
ā " āll	ī " īce	oo " fōod	
ā " āsk	ī " īdea	oo " fōot	
ā " whāt	ī " īt		au " author
ā " cāre	ī " sīr	ū " ūse	aw " saw
	ī " machīne	ū " ūnite	ew " new
ē " mēte		ū " ūp	oi " boil
ē " ēvent	ō " ōld	ū " fūr	oy " boy
ē " mēt	ō " ōbey	ū " rŭle	ou " out
ē " hēr	ō " nōt	u " pull	ow " cow
	o " mōve		

CONSONANTS

c (unmarked) as in call	qu (= kw) as in quit
ç " miçe	ğ (= z) " iğ
ch (unmarked) " child	sh " shall
çh " çhaise	si (= sh) " tension
eh (= k) " sehool	gi (= zh) " viſion
ci (= sh) " gracious	th (unmarked) " thin
g (unmarked) " go	th " then
ğ (= j) " çage	ti (= sh) " motion
ng " ring	wh (= hw) " what
n (= ng) " inſk	x (unmarked) " vex
ph (= f) " phantom	ẏ (= gz) " exẏct
	z " zone

All other unmarked consonants have their usual English sounds.

Vowels when obscured and turned toward the neutral sound are marked thus, ȳ, ȳ, etc. Silent letters are italicized.

DEFINING VOCABULARY

Including most of the words found in the word lists at the end of each lesson

- á bǎn'dón, to give up absolutely;
 to forsake.
 ăb sũrd', ridiculous.
 á bũn'dant, sufficient; plentiful.
 ăc cĩ dẽn'tal lý, by chance; unex-
 pectedly.
 ăc cõm mỗ dǎ'tiõn, convenience.
 ăc cõrd', agreement.
 ăc quĩr'e', to gain; to win; to earn.
 ăc'tive, busy; lively.
 ăd mĩr'e', to regard with wonder
 and delight.
 ăf fẽct'ẽd, not natural; given to
 show.
 ăf fẽc'tiõn ăte, fond; having great
 love or affection.
 ăg'õ nĩzẽd, suffering.
 aĩsle, a passageway.
 ăm'á tẽur, a person who cultivates
 any art or study from taste.
 ăn á lýt'ic, critical.
 ăn'chõr, to fasten, as with an
 anchor.
 ăn'ciẽt, very old.
 ăn'thẽm, a song of praise.
 ăp pǎr'ẽnt lý, evidently; clearly.
 ăp pẽnd'ăgẽ, something added.
 ăp prõ bǎ'tiõn, consent; support.
 ăp prõ'vǎl, sanction.
 á quǎ'rĩ ùm, a glass globe or tank
 in which live specimens of aqua-
 tic animals or plants are kept.
- ăr rǎngẽ'mẽnt, order; disposition.
 ăs sǎĩl'ant, one who attacks.
 ăs sẽnt', to agree; to yield; to
 consent.
 ăs sĩst'ance, help; aid.
 ăs sõ'cĩ ăte, to connect with; to
^(sh) link together.
 ăs sur'e', to make certain.
^(sh) ăs tound', to astonish.
 á sũn'dẽr, apart; into parts.
 ăt'tĩ tũde, position; posture.
 au'thõr, one who writes a book.
 ăv'ẽ nũe, a way.
- bǎb'ble, to make a constant, mur-
 muring noise, as a small stream
 running over rocks.
 bǎn'ish mẽnt, dismissal.
 bǎr'gǎĩn, an agreement.
^(ẽ) bá zǎar', a market place; a fair.
 bẽ dewed', moistened or wet with
 dew.
 bẽ quẽath', to leave by will; to
 hand down.
 bẽ tõ'kened, signified; showed by
 signs.
 bẽ wĩl'dẽred, puzzled; confused.
 blǎ'zoned, adorned; ornamented.
 brẽach, a gap; an opening.
 brĩll'iant, sparkling; glittering.
^(y)

brim'ming, full to the top or brim.
buck'lér, a kind of shield.
bûr'nîshed, smooth; bright.

(b)

căd'dîçe, an insect which lives
in marshy places.

cal'drôn, a large kettle or boiler.

căp'sûle, a seed pod, which opens
of itself when the seeds are
ripe.

căr'ă vãn, a company of travelers
or merchants traveling to-
gether for safety, especially
through regions infested by
robbers.

căr'dî năl, a brilliant red.

că rêss', to fondle.

căt'ă răct, a waterfall.

qê lês'tiăl, heavenly; divine.

(ch)

ehăr'ăc tēr, disposition; nature.

ehlô'rô phyl, the green coloring
matter of leaves and other
parts of plants.

ehrôn'î cle, a history; a record.

ehrys'ă lîs, a form into which
moths and butterflies pass, and
from which the perfect insect
emerges.

qîte, to mention; to name.

qît'rôn, a fruit resembling the
lemon.

clăm'qr oûs, noisy; loud.

côl'ûm, an upright shaft or pil-
lar.

côm pâr'ă tîve lî, by comparison;
not positively.

côm plête'lî, fully; entirely.

côm plêx'îon, the color of the
(ksh)
skin, particularly of the face.

côm'plî căt êd, difficult; in-
volved.

côm'plî mēt, an expression of
regard or admiration.

côm pō'sûre, calmness; quiet.

(sh)

côn dêm'n', to blame; to censure.

côn dî'tîon, state; situation;
case.

côn'quêr or, one who gains a vic-
(k)
tory.

côn stêr nă'tîon, alarm; surprise.

côn sũl tă'tîon, a meeting for con-
ference.

côn'tră rî, opposite; different.

côn'trăst, opposition; compari-
son.

côn trî bũ'tîon, a gift.

côn vēr să'tîon, familiar talk.

cô'pl oûs, plentiful; abundant.

côr pō ră'tîon, a body of persons
associated for business pur-
poses.

côr rêspônd', to suit; to fit; to
agree with.

coûrt'ê oûs, polite; obliging.

coûrt'ê sî, politeness.

crêa'tûre, anything created; an
animal; a man.

crêd'ît â ble, worthy of belief.

crêv'îçe, a narrow opening; a fis-
sure.

crûtch, a prop; a support; a
staff.

cũl'tûre, refinement; elegance.

cũr'rênt, a stream.

dê grêe', grade; rank; by degrees;
little by little.

dêl'î cătê, delightful; refined.

dẽ mũre'ly, quietly; modestly.
 dẽ rive', to trace; to obtain.
 dẽ scẽnd', to go down.
 dẽ scrip'tiõn, an account; a report.
 dẽs'õ lãte, lonely.
 dẽ spãir', to give up hope.
 dẽs'pĩ cá ble, mean; worthless.
 dẽ vẽl'õp, to unfold; to grow.
 dẽx'tẽr ous ly, skillfully.
 dĩl'ĩ gençe, industry.
 dĩ mĩn'ish, to lessen; to reduce in size.
 dĩ ręc'tiõn, course; point or line of tendency.
 dĩa grãce', loss of favor; dishonor.
 dĩa grũge', to change the appearance of, especially by dress.
 dĩa mãl, gloomy; dreary.
 dĩa pẽrse', to scatter.
 dĩa põ şĩ'tiõn, inclination; character.
 dĩa suãde', to advise against.
 dĩa tĩn^(w)'guish, to recognize; to dis-
 criminate.
 dõc'trine, teaching; that which is taught.
 dõ mẽs'tic, belonging to the house or home.
 dõr'mant, at rest; sleeping.
 drougħt, long continued dry weather.
 dwãrf'ish, very small.
 ẽar'nẽst ly, eagerly.
 ẽ cõ nõm'ic al, saving; prudent.
 ẽc'stãsy, rapture; delight.
 ẽd'dỹ ing, circling; whirling.
 ẽd'ĩ ble, fit to be eaten.

ẽd'ĩ fiçe, a building.
 ẽd'ũ cã'tiõn, learning; skill.
 ẽ jãc'ũ lãte, to speak suddenly; to utter.
 ẽl ẽ mẽn'tã rỹ, simple.
 ẽ lęc'tric, pertaining to electricity.
 ẽm bãt'tled, ready for battle.
 ẽm broid'ẽred, covered with ornamental figures.
 ẽm'ĩ nẽnçe, rank; distinction.
 ẽ mõ'tiõn, feeling.
 ẽm phãt'ic, forcible; earnest.
 ẽn chãnt'ẽd, charmed; fascinated; held under a spell.
 ẽn'ẽ mỹ, foe; opponent.
 ẽn sẽalẽd', impressed with a seal.
 ẽn'siõn, an emblem; a standard.
 ẽn tẽr tãin'mẽnt, amusement; pastime.
 ẽn thũ'şĩ ãşm, rapture; earnest feeling.
 ẽn vẽl'õp, to surround; to wrap up.
 ẽp'au lết, a shoulder piece or ornament usually worn by an officer.
 ẽs tẽem', high regard.
 ẽ tẽr'nãl, God.
 ẽ tẽr'nĩ tỹ, everlastingness.
 ẽ vãp'õ rã tõr, a vessel in which liquids are left to evaporate.
 ẽx ãm'ĩne, to test; to try.
 ẽx cá vã'tiõn, a hollow or cavity.
 ẽx cẽed'ĩng ly, greatly.
 ẽx cĩte'mẽnt, agitation.
 ẽx cũr'siõn, a pleasure trip.
 ẽx hĩb'ĩt, to present to view; to show.
 ẽx hõrt', to advise; to urge.
 ẽx'ĩle, one who separates himself from his home.

əx pē'riŋŋe, actual trial.

əx plō'siōn, the act of exploding
(zh)
or bursting.

əx'quĩŋŋe, excellent; carefully
selected.

făc'ul tŷ, ability to do; talent.

fă'ēr ŋe, fairy.

făl'chiōn, a broad, short sword.

fă mĩl'iar, well known.

(y)
feign, to imagine; to pretend.

fĩ'broŷs, consisting of fibers.

fĩ'sure, a cleft; a long, narrow
(sh)
opening, as in a rock.

fĩc'cid, soft and weak; not firm.

fĩ mĩn'gō, a bird of bright red
color, having long legs and
neck.

fĩŷr'ish, to thrive; to develop.

fĩam'y, frothy.

fĩe, an enemy.

fĩr'eĩŋ ēr, a person belonging to
a foreign country.

fĩr sōōth', in truth; certainly.

fĩr'scō, a method of painting on
walls.

fĩrōnd, the name given to the
so-called leaves of ferns and
seaweeds.

fĩl fĩl'mēnt, completion; accom-
plishment.

fĩ'rŷ, violent anger.

găl'lant, brave; noble.

găl'vā nized, coated with zinc.

găm'bōl, to play; to frisk.

găr'ish, showy; gay.

gēn'ēr ōŷs, liberal; free to give.

gēn'ial, cheerful; cordial.

(y)
gŷlăst'ly, pale; deathlike.

gĩgăn'tic, very large; huge.

glō'rĩfŷ, to ennoble; to honor.

gōr'geōŷs, showy; fine.

grăd'ũ allŷ, step by step; by de-
grees.

grăd'ũ āte, to complete a pre-
scribed course of study.

grăn'dēŷr, beauty; greatness.

grăv'el, small stones; pebbles.

grew'sōme, horrid; gloomy.
(u)

hăn'sōm, a low, two-wheeled
carriage which has the driver's
seat elevated behind.

hăunt, a place which one fre-
quently visits.

haw'thōrn, a shrub or tree which
bears deeply lobed, shining
leaves, and small, roselike,
fragrant flowers.

hă'zel, a species of nut.

hēr'it āge, inheritance; that which
passes from heir to heir.

hēs'itătē, to pause; to stop.

hew, to cut with an ax.

hōs pĩtăl'itŷ, generosity.

hũlk, the body of an old vessel.

hũr'ried lŷ, quickly.

hŷ'ā ċĩnth, a bulbous plant which
bears beautiful spikes of fra-
grant flowers.

ĩg'nō rāŋŋe, want of knowledge.

ĩm păr'tiăl lŷ, justly.

ĩm pēr'ti nēŋŋe, rudeness.

ĩm'pē tũs, force of motion.

ĩm pōŋŋe', to deceive.

- Im pòs'tòr, deceiver; a cheat.
 In'cìdènt, an event; an occurrence.
 In créase', to grow; to enlarge.
 In dūl'gènt, mild; not severe.
 In gèn'ioùs, skillful.
 In gèn'^(y)oūs, noble; generous.
 In i'tiàl, the first letter of a word.
 In tè'r'i'òr, the inside.
 In tēr'prèt, to explain; to translate.
 In tò ná'tiòn, a prolonged musical sound.
 In trēnch', to surround with a trench or ditch.
 In vēs tī gā'tiòn, inquiry.
 jäck'al, an animal allied to the wolf.
 jēop'ard ý, danger; peril.
 jōc'und, merry; lively.
 jō'v'i'ál, gay; merry; jolly.
 jūd'g'mènt dāy, the last day, when God shall pronounce final judgment.
 lá mēnt', to mourn.
 lānd'scāpe, a stretch of country seen from a single point; a picture.
 lān'guāge, speech; tongue.
 lān'^(w)gulsh, to droop; to become weak.
 lau'rēl, an evergreen shrub, whose leaves were used to crown the victors in ancient Greece and Rome.
 liêu tēn'ant, an army officer next in rank to a captain.
 lōach, a small fish, which lives in small, clear streams.
 lō cō mō'tiòn, the act of moving from place to place.
 loy'al tỹ, faithfulness.
 māj'ēs tỹ, grandeur; dignity.
 mǎn ù fǎc'tũre, to make.
 mǎr'gín, border, edge.
 máss'ive, heavy; weighty.
 mǎ'tròn, an elderly woman.
 mēr'chān dīse, goods; objects of commerce.
 mē'tō'òr, a fiery or luminous body seen in the air.
 mīn'á rēt, a slender, lofty turret on the mosques of Mohammedan countries.
 mī rǎc'ù loùs lý, wonderfully.
 mīs'chiē voùs, harmful; troublesome.
 mī'g'ēr á ble, wretched; unhappy.
 mō lēst', to worry; to disturb.
 mōlt, to cast the outside covering, as skin or feathers.
 mōn'áreh, a ruler.
 mōn'ĩ tò rỹ, warning.
 mōsque, a Mohammedan church.
 mōurn, to grieve.
 mōurn'ful, sorrowful; sad.
 mōw'ēr, one who mows or cuts down grass or grain.
 mūl'ti tũde, throng; crowd.
 mỹs'tēr ý, a profound secret.
 mỹs'tic, secret; obscure.
 nēglēct', to omit; to leave undone.
 neigh'bor hōōd, vicinity.

nēs'tle, to lie snug and close.
 nêche, a cavity or hollow in a wall.
 nôt'áble, remarkable; worthy of notice.
 nū'mēr oūs, consisting of a great number of units; many.

ôb tãin', to get hold of; to acquire.
 ôc cá'gion ăl lỹ, at times; once in a while.
 ôc'cũ pant, one who holds possession.
 ôf fĩ'cial, by right of authority.
 ô'gre, an imaginary monster.
 (gēr)
 ôm'ĩ noūs, foretelling evil.
 ôp pōr tũ'nĩ tỹ, occasion; chance; convenient time.
 ô rĩg'ĩ nal, first copy; source.
 ôr nĩ thōl'ô gỹ, the science which treats of birds.

pălan quĩn', a covered carriage
 (k)
 used in China and Japan.
 păl'freỹ, a saddle horse.
 păl'gied, paralyzed.
 păr'tĩ cle, a very small part.
 pă'tient, content; submissive.
 pă trĩ'cian, a person of high birth; a nobleman.
 pēn'sĩve, thoughtful.
 pē'ô nỹ, a plant bearing beautiful showy flowers.
 pēr fōrm'ançe, deed; action; accomplishment.
 pēr'fũme, odor; fragrance.
 pēr'mă nent, durable; lasting.

pēr sē vēre', to persist; to continue.
 phỹ gĩ'cian, a doctor; one skilled in the art of healing.
 phỹs ĩ ôg'nô mỹ, the face or countenance.
 pĩc tũr êsque', fitted to form a
 (k)
 pleasing picture.
 plē bē'ian, one of the common
 (y)
 people, (usually applied to the common people of ancient Rome).
 plĩ'ant, easily bent; flexible.
 pōn'dēr oūs, very heavy.
 pōs'sēs'sion, property; wealth; that which one owns.
 pōs'tũre, position; situation; attitude.
 prăc'tĩ căl lỹ, in fact; actually.
 prē ģĩp'ĩ toūs lỹ, headlong.
 prē ģĩse'lỹ, accurately; exactly.
 prē pōs'tēr oūs, wrong; contrary to nature.
 prē văĩl', to overcome.
 prō cũre', to obtain; to get.
 prō dũc'tiōn, fruit; work.
 prō pēl', to drive forward; to force ahead.
 prōph'ē sỹ, to foretell the future.
 prōs'pēr oūs, flourishing; thriving.
 prō vĩ'gion, preparation; a stock of food.
 prow'êss, bravery; strength.
 quăĩnt, odd; unusual.
 quay (kē), an artificial landing place where vessels may unload; a wharf.
 quōth, said; spoke.

rā'dī'ance, luster; splendor.

rā pā'ciōūs, greedy.

rāp'tūre, delight.

rās'cal lŷ, worthless; dishonest.

rē'alize, to make real; to feel strongly.

rē ās sūme', to resume; to take up again.

rēc'ōgnīze, to know again; to recall.

rē fine'ment, politeness; polish; gentility.

rē frēsh'ment, that which refreshes (especially food taken for the sake of refreshing strength).

rēg'imēnt, a body of men commanded by a colonel.

rēg'ion, place; district.

rēg'is tēr, to record; to enroll.

rē lāx', to unbend; to loosen.

rē mōn'strate, to present reasons against.

rē nown', fame, honor.

rēp rē gēnt', to portray.

rē prōach'ful lŷ, sadly; sorrowfully.

rēg'idence, a dwelling; the place where one lives.

rē sīst'ance, opposition; hindrance.

rīd'icūle, to mock; to laugh at.

rōgue, a dishonest person.

rūs'tic, a countryman.

scārred, marked.

scēn'ēr ŷ, general view of a landscape.

scēnt'ēd, perfumed.

sē dāte', quiet; calm.

sēp'ā rāte, disconnected; not united.

sē'rīōūs lŷ, gravely; earnestly.

shēer, perpendicular; straight up and down.

sīg'nīfŷ, to make known by a sign; to express.

sī'lence, quiet; stillness.

sīn'qere'lŷ, honestly.

sīn'ew, a cord; a tendon.

sīre, father.

sīt ū ā'tion, position; location.

sō'ciā blŷ, familiarly.

sōl'ī tā rŷ, alone; gloomy.

sōl'ī tūde, loneliness.

sōurce, origin; beginning.

spāse'lŷ, thinly; scattered.

spāš mōd'ic, convulsive.

spē'ciēs, sort; kind; variety.

sphēre, globe; orb.

splēn'dor, luster; magnificence.

spōrt'ive, playful; gay.

squad'rōn, a number of war vessels, employed in any particular service, under the command of the highest officer.

stēalth'ī lŷ, slyly.

strōll, to ramble; to roam.

strūc'tūre, construction; organization.

sūb'jēct, one who is brought under the authority of a ruler.

sūb stān'tiāl, real; solid; strong.

sūg gēst', to propose; to hint.

sū'māch, a plant, some species of which are used for tanning.

sū pēr sēde', to succeed; to displace.

sūr rēn'dēr, to yield; to give up.

sūr round', to bound; to inclose.
sỹl'la ble, part of a word.

tăx'Y dēr m1st, one skilled in pre-
serving and mounting the skins
of animals so as to represent
their natural appearance.

tēm'pled, furnished with a tem-
ple; crowned.

thór'ough lý, fully; entirely.

thral'dóm, slavery; bondage.

thréad'bâre, worn out; old.

tĩnge, color; tint.

tóm'á hawk, the Indian hatchet.

tour'1st, one who makes a journey.

trăi'tor, one who betrays his trust.

(8)

trăns fôr mă'tiôn, change.

trăn'si tở rỹ, fleeting; short-lived.

trěach'ěr oũs, false; faithless.

trēm'ũ loũs, shaking; quivering.

tri ũm'phal, victorious.

trũdge, to go on foot; to jog along.

tũ'mũlt, noise; confusion.

tũr'bũ lent, disturbed; disorderly.

ũn á băt'ed, undiminished.

ũ nĩ vēr'sal, whole; unlimited.

ũn pâr'al lěled, unequaled.

ũn stũd'ed, without previous
thought.

văgue, unsettled; uncertain.

văn'quĩsh, to conquer; to defeat.

vă'rĩ ě gă tẽd, marked with differ-
ent colors.

vě'hĩ cle, a cart; a carriage.

věn ěr á'tiôn, respect; reverence.

věng'e'ânçe, revenge; punish-
ment.

vě răn'dá, a porch; a piazza.

věr'dũre, the fresh greenness of
vegetation.

věrg'e, to border upon; to incline.

vĩg'or oũs, strong; lusty.

vĩ'ỏ lent lý, forcibly.

vĩr'tũe, bravery; merit; worth.

vĩs'ăge, the face or countenance.

vỏ ră'ciouũs, greedy; eager to de-
vour.

vỏ'tĩve, given by vow; devoted.

wă'gěr, a pledge or stake.

wă'rỹ, careful; cautious.

wěd'ge, a piece of metal (or other
hard material) thick at one end
and sloping to a thin edge, used
in splitting wood, rocks, etc.

wĩz'ărd, a magician.

worst'ed, well-twisted yarn.
(9)

yeỏ'mạn, a freeholder.

